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KING
GEORGE VI



~~BY~~ **HECTOR BOLITHO**

KING GEORGE VI

KING EDWARD VIII

ALBERT THE GOOD

**VICTORIA THE WIDOW
AND HER SON**

MARIE TEMPEST

ETC.

KING GEORGE VI

BY
HECTOR BOLITHO

WITH 19 ILLUSTRATIONS
IN DOUBLETONE



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TO
R. W.

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CONTENTS

I CHILDHOOD	15
II EDUCATION	27
III WAR	47
IV FROM THE NAVY TO THE AIR FORCE	73
V LEARNING TO FLY	101
VI CAMBRIDGE	111
VII INDUSTRIAL WELFARE	129
VIII QUEEN ELIZABETH	149
IX THE KING'S MARRIAGE	167
X THE "DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP"	179
XI THE KING AND THE COMMONWEALTH	195
XII THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH	207
XIII THE CORONATION	227
INDEX	251

ILLUSTRATIONS

KING GEORGE VI AT HIS DESK, BUCKINGHAM PALACE	
	<i>Frontispiece</i>
QUEEN VICTORIA WITH FOUR GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, 1900	20
PRINCE ALBERT AS A MIDSHIPMAN	36
THE DESPATCH FROM H.M.S. "COLLINGWOOD" AFTER JUTLAND (3 PAGES)	66
RAUCEBY COTTAGE, NEAR CRANWELL	88
THE DUKE OF YORK CHATTING TO MR. D. MILBURN, 1921	106
THE DUKE OF YORK AND EX-PRESIDENT TAFT, CAM- BRIDGE, 1922	120
THE DUKE OF YORK CHATTING TO LT.-COL. 'G. LOWTHER, 1929	150
THE DUKE OF YORK ARRIVING AT THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE, 1929	168
THE DUKE OF YORK PLAYING GOLF, 1924	180
THE DUKE OF YORK AT WIMBLEDON, 1926	184
KING GEORGE VI AT CHRIST CHURCH BOYS' CLUB, 1937	190

THE DUKE OF YORK RECEIVING KING GEORGE V AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW	198
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARRIVING AT ST. KILDA, AUSTRALIA	202
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS DRIVING TO EDINBURGH CATHEDRAL	204
AT GLAMIS CASTLE, 1931	212
PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE	248

CHILDHOOD

*"My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play before the play be done.
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play."*

QUARLES

Chapter I

CHILDHOOD

IN the summer of 1840 the Prince Consort wrote to his brother in Germany of the "chains of matrimony" which bound him to Queen Victoria. "The heavier and tighter they are, the better for you," he said. "A married couple must be chained to one another, be inseparable, and they must live for one another." In another letter he wrote of the time when contentment first came to his family life: "I wish you could be here and see, in us, a couple joined in love and unanimity. Now Victoria is also ready to give up something for my sake, I everything for her sake."

The cynicism of a new, lively century has made these laws of marriage unfashionable, but it has not made them untrue. However casually they may be treated by fashionable idlers, they still hold their own with ordinary people and with those princes who care for their responsibilities and who are jeal-

ous of their integrity. The rules of marriage and the example in domestic virtue which Prince Albert set, almost one hundred years ago, have become the abiding law of the members of the British Royal Family. They accept this law as the test of their worthiness and they rise and fall according to their allegiance to it. It has strengthened their hold on the affection of their Empire during years when almost every other royal house has fallen or grown weak. British people believe in the example of "a couple joined in love and unanimity" whether they live within Buckingham Palace or rest in their slippers beside the fire of some little cottage in Somerset. The belief persists in English life, and it is especially strong in time of political agitation or warlike enterprise. British princes value their fair domestic wreaths as much as their crowns, and the example set by them has proved itself to be a greater stimulus to domestic contentment than the promises made by dictators in those countries which are torn by experiments in government.

As she grew older, Queen Victoria was out of temper with marriages planned for political reasons. The union of her eldest daughter with the Crown

Prince of Prussia had brought her little happiness, and she lived long enough to be alarmed over the erratic ambitions of her German grandson. The marriage of Prince Alfred to a daughter of the Tsar of Russia had been disappointing: it had not lessened Russia's appetite for India, nor had it healed the wounds of the Crimea. Queen Victoria accepted and valued her lesson. Some years afterwards, when the marriages of her grandchildren were planned, she wrote of her happiness because her grandson had chosen a bride in England, instead of among the courts of Europe. "Thank God! Georgie has got such an excellent, useful and good wife," she said. There was no longer any hankering after grandness among the nations, or diplomatic gains. She turned from ambition to recognise the value of "a couple joined in love and unanimity." Remembering the years of her own safety and happiness, she was satisfied.

Queen Victoria's grandson, George, Duke of York, lived at White Lodge, in Richmond Park. The domestic scene within this enchanting, secluded house had already been enlivened by the birth of three children. In June of 1894 Prince Ed-

ward had been born. The Queen had driven over to see the "fine, strong-looking child," and, in July, she had crossed to Surrey once more for his christening, a ceremony which was celebrated in the photograph of "The Four Generations." Queen Victoria held the baby on her lap, with "Bertie and Georgie" standing behind her. In April of 1897 the Queen had written once more in her Journal, "Heard from Georgie that May had given birth to a little girl, both doing well." Between the birth of these children, and scarcely noticed in the Queen's Journal or in the records of the time, Prince Albert was born. He came into the world on a sad day, the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Prince Consort's death. All the old sorrow against which the Queen had fought so valiantly in recent years, seemed to return and hurt her once more. She wrote in her Journal, on December 14th, 1895:

"This terrible anniversary returned for the thirty-fourth time. When I went to my dressing-room found telegrams from Georgie and Sir J. Williams, saying that dear May had been safely delivered of a son at three this morning. Georgie's first feeling was regret that this dear child should be born on such a sad day.

"I have a feeling it may be a blessing for the dear little boy, and may be looked upon as a gift from God!"

Two days afterwards, Queen Victoria was consoled. In the midst of dreadful news of the massacre of the Armenians in Turkey, she received "a dear letter from Georgie" which gave her "the greatest pleasure." It told her that "they intended the baby to have the name of Albert."

A fierce sense of monarchic responsibility always seems to interfere with the natural affection between a royal father and his elder son. There are few instances in history of sovereigns and their heirs being able to preserve their filial devotion against the unique anxiety which harasses them in connection with the succession. We may turn back to the story of Maria Theresa and her son Joseph; we may look towards Prussia early in the eighteenth century and marvel over the relationship between Frederick and his father. We may come nearer to our own story and recall the early distress which clouded Queen Victoria's appreciation of her heir. The theme persists through history, up to our own time, and we may be thankful that King George VI was born a second son and that he was able to grow quietly

and to mature in a natural way without the ogre of ministerial interference to menace his calm approach to maturity. Many years afterwards, when he came to manhood, King George VI said that he was not "palace-minded." The apt description fitted his education and his habits from the beginning.

The graceful and modest proportions of White Lodge do not suggest pomp or lordly living. The ivory magnolias against the white walls, the clumps of rhododendrons and the cool, green cedar upon the lawn are the embellishments of a small country mansion. There is but one high and splendid room in the centre of the house. The others are of the size and fashion of comfortable family rooms. There are no splendid drives or sumptuous gardens to strike awe in the visitor. The house, built by George I, as a "place of refreshment after the chase," was not likely to make the childhood of Prince Albert inhuman because of its proportions or its history. His mother had spent her childhood there, under the wise eye of Princess Mary of Teck. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had stayed there, spending the afternoons in reading over the diaries of the Duchess of Kent. King Edward VII had been banished



Topical Press Agency Ltd., Photo.

QUEEN VICTORIA WITH FOUR GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, OSBORNE, 1900

there with his tutors, to wrestle with the cumbersome tables of learning which his father had prepared for him. There was only one dramatic chapter in the story of White Lodge. It had come when Nelson leaned over the polished table after dinner, to dip his finger in the port wine and trace his plan for Trafalgar on the shining mahogany.

Beyond the shrubs and trees of the small enclosure in which White Lodge was hidden, were the wide spaces of Richmond Park. Here the placid deer nibbled the grass and started, wide-eyed, as carriages rolled out, past the gates, towards London. This was not a world in which a boy would grow other than simply; other than in tune with the precepts of his namesake and great-grandfather, as the son of a "couple joined together in love and unanimity."

Prince Albert's father was by nature a good man and he remained so to the end of his days. He was a fighter in moral issues, yet he had no enemy in all the world. His view of human nature was not always lenient, because he never left the rails of duty and virtue and he did not always comprehend those natures less blessed with discipline. The virtues maintained in his family were, therefore, justice,

truth, duty and restraint. With him, the Ten Commandments were a law of living and not merely to be mumbled and forgotten. The rules he made for the training of his sons were therefore stern and likely to test and try their natural qualities early in life. His sensitive, self-willed elder son said, when he was young, that one of the first acts he would perform when he became King, would be to forbid the use of bearing-reins on horses. He was equally impatient with bearing-reins upon himself, and his great talents, his emotional nature and his gift for earning quick popularity soon combined to make his character independent. Prince Albert was formed of different stuff. He was to advance towards his throne by three stages; three phases in the growth of his character. The first was by way of his boyhood, when his good nature and his admirable grit sustained him through illness and weakness which would have exhausted a less determined nature. The second stage was to be in the years of the War, when, through anxiety and restlessness, he was to forge the shape of his character. The third stage was to be in the experience of marriage which was to bring him the blessed gifts of

peace, security and understanding. In the first of these stages, set in the scenes of Richmond Park, Windsor, Sandringham and the Isle of Wight, he lived very quietly, rarely seen by the mass of people and accepting his father's laws obediently. His conscience was never to urge him to resent discipline and it was not hard for him to appreciate his father's views of behaviour, along the way of duty and restraint. He walked in acquiescence, and life gave him no hint of the surprises which fate was storing up against him. He might have read a copy of the quarterly *Horoscope* when he was seven years old, with surprise. But, in this disbelieving century, prophecies are not exciting unless they are fulfilled, and nobody bothered to wonder over the paragraph which read, "This boy will be extraordinarily lucky, with a tendency to be specially favoured with fortune. His planet Jupiter will bring him more wealth and material success than falls to the lot of the ordinary mortal and will raise him to a higher sphere than that to which he was born."

EDUCATION

"When everything has its proper place in our minds, we are able to stand in equilibrium with the rest of the world."

AMIEL

Chapter II

EDUCATION

MANY people cling to the illusions of their childhood and expect the lives of princes to be more eventful than their own. Just as children are excited by tales of royal martyrs locked in turrets and of princesses bestowing favours upon princes returned from battle, so older people sometimes expect royal persons to behave differently from themselves and to live through a unique world of romance. They must be disappointed in Prince Albert's story. In the new century which began when he was a child, princes were called upon to compete with democracy and their victory was to depend upon character and not upon the stuff of which tales are made.

It was at Osborne that Prince Albert revealed the way his life was to take. When he went there, his elder brother was already an experienced cadet. Prince Edward, nicknamed *Sardine*, was an established personality in the Naval College. There was

no doubt of the forces within him. He was strong and he pursued his stubborn way. Prince Edward had spectacular gifts, inherited, perhaps, from his grandfather. Incidents and legends gathered about his name, as they do about popular people. His life was to be the flowering of a personality. His brother's life was to be the maturing of a character. So we observe a modest, painstaking boy, who walked slowly, without dangerous leaps in the dark. No privileges were allowed him. He slept in a hammock and he stored his possessions in one chest. We see a slim youngster, in running shorts, skirting the sunny coast from which the islanders watched the crippled galleons of Spain, in the blue sea below, three hundred and fifty years before. We see an earnest boy playing soccer, or crossing the island, in the afternoon, to drink tea with the sister of his grandfather, Princess Beatrice, who could remember the old days when her mother graced her marine villa at Osborne. She could talk with him of Tennyson at Farringford, of Disraeli coming to Osborne with news of the Treaty of Berlin and, earlier still, of her mother seeking the quiet house by the sea when she was overwhelmed by the grief of 1861.

Prince Albert was beset by the story of his family at every turn, but, unlike his brother, he was not haunted by the shade of monarchy. His life was therefore less manacled and he found it easy to make friends. They joined him at tea with their tutor and made themselves "drunk on eggs." He won their affection and he held it because, if his progress was slow, it was never false. The Isle of Wight was not yet democracy's playground and it held a little of the elegance which had graced it in Victorian times. Prince Albert's term at Osborne conjures up a picture over which an historical novelist might quicken his pen. The islanders of the Solent became used to the sight of the delicate boy, running on the sward upon which the Romans encamped and upon which William the Conqueror landed to arrest his brother. It was easy for Prince Albert to learn his history on the island where so many of his ancestors had left some mark of their passing: where Charles I looked out from his prison window in Carisbrooke, keeping within himself enough peace to write, "We bless God we have those inward refreshments which the malice of our enemies cannot perturb." It was a fine sentence,

which Prince Albert's tutors might have read to him. But his business was not with the past. The trials which waited for him, thirty years afterwards, were to depend upon his integrity; upon neither his ancestors nor upon his royal prerogative. It was fortunate that every experience of his boyhood was towards this end. One evening at Osborne, when a number of senior officers were talking of the young princes who were entrusted to their care, the eldest of the sailors surprised his companions by saying, "The younger will outstrip the elder." In 1937, when Prince Albert became King, the remark was recalled by the officers who were present at the time. It seemed true that with the old there was understanding.

Two important facets of Prince Albert's character were strengthened during his term at Osborne. His thought was naturally critical. He did not pass faults with apathetic grace, and, when a little authority came into his hands, after he left Osborne, he showed himself to be impatient with slipshod work and still more impatient with humbug over his rights as a prince of the blood. As a sailor, he was meticulous and quick to reprove casual service. As a

junior officer, he was inclined to be abrupt when older men in the service waited upon him as a prince. "I am a midshipman," he would say, with a note of correction in his voice.

The second facet of his character grew out of his ill health. It was in fighting his weak constitution that his real heroism lay. When his story is ultimately written, his doctors must be permitted close collaboration with the biographer, for they know the secret of his fight. While he was at Osborne, Prince Albert caught influenza and then pneumonia. He was allowed no privileges above those which stronger boys would have enjoyed. There were daily telephone inquiries from Marlborough House, but the anxiety of his parents did not deteriorate into favouritism. He was not equipped physically to face the rigours of training and still less equipped to withstand the constant depression of being actually ill. The force which sustained him was within himself. Again the older sailor observed him, while he was ill, and he said of the Prince, "His courage is amazing."

Prince Albert spent his vacations with his parents, sometimes at Sandringham and sometimes at Aber-

geldie Castle, near to Balmoral. Visitors were surprised by the homely and strict atmosphere in which the Prince and his brother lived, especially by the ritual of breakfast which was never handed round by servants. The dishes were placed on a side table, and the family ate undisturbed. Princess Mary would make the toast on an electric toaster and Prince Edward would pour out the coffee. They waited upon their father, who sat at the head of the table. King George was sometimes in a chastening mood in the morning and as his sons and daughter gathered on either side of him at the table, they listened to the wise, firm voice, which was always so anxious that they should grow up in virtue and discipline. As his sons learned more and more of a sailor's life, his talk with them naturally dwelt upon reminiscences. He knew their business better than they did and he was able to guide them, firmly and to their good.

In January 1911 Prince Albert went from Osborne to Dartmouth. He grew slowly and certainly, and although he was never a brilliant scholar, his tutors enjoyed important signs of the changes that were coming to him. In games he was diligent and

fearless. He took all his jumps when he rode, walked to the fore in tramps across country, and he swam especially well.

Twenty-five years have passed since the present King was a cadet at Dartmouth. One of the happiest proofs of the place he took in the life of the naval college is in the tributes of those senior officers who watched over him. Scattered about England, serving in the Mediterranean or retired to their clubs in Pall Mall, there are seven or eight older men who were close to Prince Albert at Dartmouth. It is satisfying to hear them talk of him. His sincerity impressed all of them. It was a gentle spirit that stirred in the boy; a spirit which was to guide him to nobleness of character and integrity of mind. "I want you to emphasise that he had a tremendous lot of guts," one of them wrote. The theme was insistent. "One knew, instinctively, that he would never let you down," another said. And then, "He never once asked for a favour all the time he was at Dartmouth, nor did he once use his position to gain a favour for anybody else." There were small incidents to reveal the way of his development. One day, a senior officer took some of the cadets over his

shoot to see the young pheasants. One of the boys was city born and his remarks were wild and ignorant. His companions laughed at him, with impish torment, but Prince Albert quietly drew him aside and, walking with him, he told him what he wished to know. He was above derision and he knew neither rancour nor bitterness. But he was not lethargic or cold with virtue and, thankfully, he was not above mischief. On November 5th, seventeen cadets were discovered letting off fireworks in the lavatories. Prince Albert was among them and he had to bear his punishment with the rest.

Dartmouth was the Prince's home for two years, and in January of 1913 he joined the *Cumberland*¹ for his first cruise across the Atlantic. Prince Albert's seniors and tutors, during the voyage of the *Cumberland*, might have been confused and defeated by their responsibility. There were many cooks engaged in brewing the royal broth, and it is reasonable to believe that Prince Albert's own character was strong; at least the natural gifts out of which character was to be made were of such quality that they accepted and rejected instruction with

¹ *Cumberland* was a cruiser of 9,000 tons, carrying sixty cadets.

instinctive discrimination. He was developed by education, but he was not crushed or dangerously changed by it.

The Prince's chief tutor was fortunately a sensitive man, bound to appreciate the natural gifts in his charge and not likely to muddle his head with false ideas. It is in his diary, kept with great caution, that one catches glimpses of the Prince during this first journey into the great spaces of the world. In January of 1913 Prince Albert's chief tutor was summoned to Sandringham. It was in the secluded life of their Norfolk home that he now saw his pupil: not as a cadet at Dartmouth, but as the second son of an English country gentleman. King George sat at the head of his table, doting upon his good stories of the sea, recalling his own boyhood when he had been punished for putting marline spikes in the bed of a First Lieutenant. Queen Mary produced the books she had found. With characteristic thoughtfulness, she had searched for those which described the countries her son was to visit. She commended him to read Treves's *Cradle of the Deep* as a guide to the West Indies, and there was a book full of information about Canada. The

King's instructions were, "Treat him as a cadet and make him realise his responsibilities."

The training ship *Cumberland* sailed from Devonport in the early afternoon of January 18th. Prince Albert's first adventure had begun. The early entries in his tutor's diary tell a depressing tale. "All cadets miserably ill," and then, "raining hard, cadets still ill. All my clothes and chair fell into my bath. The navigation officer fell with the roll of the ship, cutting his eye and head." Four days afterwards, the entry was more encouraging: "Cadets now beginning to enjoy life." Up to this time Prince Albert had known no experience beyond the English scene. Now he came to the sudden pleasures of tropical countries. He landed in Teneriffe and crossed the island, "through avenues of eucalyptus, pepper, almond trees and wild geraniums." He visited banana plantations and asked questions about irrigation. His interest was awakened and he was excited. He was always to learn through experience rather than from the dead pages of books and he began now, with questions about every sight that came before him. Especially, he liked the gardens, then rich with begonias, plum-



bagos and roses. Early in February the *Cumberland* steamed into the harbour at St. Lucia. Now the days were warm and Prince Albert carried his hammock on to the deck every night. There were expeditions ashore; games of tennis, journeys to the old French barracks and rides into the island to the cocoa and sugar plantations. He ate creole luncheons, he drank coco-nut milk, and he fished with a seine net, sometimes landing nothing but coral, sometimes returning with a catch of thirty or forty fish. He travelled through the plantations on a toy railway and, with the diligence that he inherited from his mother, he tabulated all he was told and began to build up his store of general knowledge. At Trinidad he played water polo with an old coco-nut husk; he saw the pitch lake and the oil wells. His business as a sailor was not neglected. One day there was torpedo practice, another day they "carried out firing in the Gulf of Papua, and turning trials." His great day was the gymkhana at Savannah. His tutor wrote, "Went to gymkhana. Ponies galore had been collected and the meeting was splendidly organised. Cadets enjoyed it as all the events were open to them." The third event

was a polo scurry, two furlongs. Prince Albert came in third. The eighth event was a distance handicap of four furlongs. In this, Prince Albert came in first. The ninth event was a farmyard race. Competitors had to "start with sealed envelopes, gallop to where their partners are standing, dismount, open the envelope, which contains the name of an animal, and imitate it without speaking name of animal or letting his partner see the name of animal. When his partner has told him the name of the animal, he remounts, rides round post, and passes winning post, and then returns to the judge and mentions the name of his animal." Prince Albert mastered this complicated order, imitated a bird, and again came in first.

These respites ashore were not casually planned. The Prince's tutor used the days well. His chief concern was to overcome Prince Albert's embarrassing shyness. On board the *Cumberland* he was treated as a cadet and no more. Any snobbish attempts to treat him otherwise were quickly nipped in the bud. The Prince himself seemed to be weighed down rather than exalted by his royal state. The crowds, the bother, the wall of impersonal

deference which met him so often only embarrassed him. No ordeal could be more cruel for a boy than what he suffered at Kingstown, in Jamaica, when he was asked to open a new wing of the Yacht Club. The original building had been opened by King George when he visited Jamaica as a sailor. Prince Albert was thus presented with a ready theme. His speech was prepared and he rehearsed it with care. He had to overcome both his stammer and his shyness, and it seemed, as he stood up to speak, that he had conquered. But below him and behind him there were clusters of Jamaica girls who had only one ambition in the world—only to touch even the trousers of the illustrious white Prince from England. As he spoke, they prodded his ankles and thighs with admiration which must have driven him to madness. But he kept on, word upon word, carefully, as he had rehearsed them; even when he overheard one of the girls at his heels whisper to another, “Say, have you touched the Prince?” and the answer, “Yes, three times.”

The affection which soon grew between Prince Albert and his seniors helped him to gain the best from their teaching. All have insisted upon this:

his patience, his conscientiousness and his gift for seeing problems in relation to humanity, and not merely in the dead world of theory. One example of the advantages of his education is given in the story of this first cruise, when the chief subject prepared by his tutor was civics. Instead of weighing Prince Albert down with a burden of abstract thought, he taught his pupil upon actual experience. The Barbados, the Bermudas, Jamaica and Newfoundland presented four remarkable and different examples of government. Each place had grown upon its own experience, forming its laws according to its needs, learning through its mistakes and adapting tradition in civics to suit its unique needs. It was thus that the Prince learned his first lesson in government. He returned to England with a clear notion of each community and with his knowledge closely allied to practice. The method of the Prince's education was proved after the War, when he went to Cambridge. His grandfather had worried the tutors at Oxford because of his dislike for reading. "He knows everything except what is in books," Gladstone said of King Edward VII. The same complaint was made of King Edward VIII, when he

was at Oxford. "Bookish he will never be," said the President of Magdalen. When Prince Albert went to Cambridge he began to read, without the inducement of tutors. He had not been forced to his books by his early teachers, and the value of reading grew upon him naturally when he was older and able to see that literature is not the prerogative of highbrows and pedagogues, but that it could be enjoyed as an ornament to everyday life.

The most important experience for Prince Albert during his first cruise was his arrival in Canada. For the first time, he saw one of his father's great dominions and he came in touch with the colonial point of view. There was historical interest in the fact that Canada gave him his first experience of life in the new countries. King Edward VII had gone there, as a young man, to open the bridge across the St. Lawrence, and Prince Albert's elder brother was identified with Canada before any other of his father's dominions. It was not possible for Prince Albert to learn much of the vast, diverse conditions of existence in Canada during this brief and limited view, but even the festivities of the east coast, dances in Quebec and tactful conversation

with descendants of both French and English colonists helped him to fuller understanding of British life overseas. At first he was overwhelmed through his shyness, and wild horses would not drag him on to the dance floor in Quebec. It is to be remembered that he was still very young and that the Canadians did not temper their eagerness. From being a modest cadet at Dartmouth, trained in obscurity and unused to public fuss, he was suddenly whirled into a pandemonium of ceremonies and cheering, cameras and speeches. The transition was too quick and it was an unfair test to put upon him. But where shyness held him back, a sense of humour saved the occasion. While he was at the ball in Quebec, his tutor was doing his best to introduce partners to him. Each new girl only increased his timidity until, through the fair accident of two trouser buttons, all his shyness faded and he laughed and danced and enjoyed himself. His tutor was so energetic in his duties that both the buttons at the back of his trousers came off. Holding on to his garment with both hands, he whispered to Prince Albert, "This is quite awful, but please do not tell anybody." The shy second son of

the King, being stared at by several hundred eyes, became a cadet once more. He told each of his partners in turn and became so gay that he was impatient at leaving when the ball was over.

The Prince's happiest adventure was upon the Dartmouth River, whither he went to fish for salmon. His tutor was not a fulsome man, in his speech or with his pen, and the slightest adjective of praise in his diary was a sturdy compliment from him. Prince Albert might have been pleased if he had read, "Prince Albert and I landed at noon, drove out . . . and went in canoes some eight miles up the Dartmouth River, salmon fishing. The canoes were poled up through the rapids in the most dexterous way. I watched P. A. (as my own rod had gone adrift) land a kelt (black salmon). He casts without any effort a very good fly and showed himself most proficient." Next day, he wrote, "Started off up river 8.30 A.M., but I had no luck, not even a rise." And then, "Prince Albert got ~~five~~ good fish." Thus the days passed, with alternate duties and pleasures. The accumulation of events, receptions, dodging photographers, canoeing, fishing, a sight of the Heights of Abraham and meeting new

people every day had worn down a little of the Prince's shyness. The interesting fact which comes out of the story of his visit to Canada is that he was probably the first prince, born to be king, who began his travels in the new countries of the Empire and not upon the old earth of Europe.

The *Cumberland* returned to England early in the summer of 1913. She dropped anchor at Spithead and King George came on board to inspect the cadets. At the ship's side, Prince Albert was waiting to receive his father and his mother. Self-conscious formality naturally ruled the meeting, and the King proceeded to his duty. When the inspection was over, father and son talked for a little while, and later in the day, when the King returned to his yacht, a message arrived on board the *Cumberland*. King George wished to see Prince Albert's tutor. He crossed to the *Victoria and Albert* and, when he was alone with his sovereign, King George held out his hand to him and said, "Thank you, I am pleased with my boy."

.

WAR

*"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng
. . . even where the thickest of war's tempest power'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine. . ."*

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Chapter III

WAR

THERE was much for Prince Albert to talk about when he joined his parents for his summer holiday. The tenants at Balmoral lived near to the royal estate as crofters gathered about their laird rather than as subjects about their king. They had known Prince Albert when he was a child at Abergeldie—when King Edward VII was still alive. He had been photographed in his kilt on the day before he went to Osborne, four years before. He always looked young for his years, and then it had seemed unbelievable to the tenants that the shy little boy was to be trusted to the rigours of a naval college. Now he walked among them with the stride of a man. He liked these escapes from the maelstrom of his life. From the beginning, he was at ease with simple people. Queen Victoria had enjoyed her visits to the cottages about Balmoral, distributing lengths of stuff for winter petticoats, tasting haggis and sigh-

ing because food in small houses always tasted so much better than in her own. This domestic theme, which was lively in King George V and in his second son, was not an invention of the woman journalist, or the hunter after anecdotes. Prince Albert was at home among the Scottish people. Like his great-grandfather, he liked and understood their character, their freedom from humbug and their directness of speech. He was also happy in the mountain solitudes where "one rarely sees a human face." But he had changed in the four years of training and he had much to tell, whether leaning against a cottage doorpost or sitting at his father's table. In the grand ceremonies which had been thrust upon him, in the West Indies and in Canada, he had acted as the sovereign's ambassador for the first time. Every story of his son's adventure which had been told to King George had pleased him. Prince Albert was a personage now, and his comings and goings were noted in the newspapers. He was no longer merely one of the King's younger sons. He was still inclined to be shy with strangers and his gifts continued to be far from spectacular; but a good dry humour was stirring in him, and

one of his cousins said that even when he was shy, there was mischief in his face. There were sly quips to show that his judgment of people was keen, and he had a habit of summing up strangers in a brief, witty phrase. The judgment was always kind, but it was not sentimental, and he was quick to see through toadies and social rogues. One of the happiest traits which his senior officers noticed during the cruise across the Atlantic was Prince Albert's lack of class consciousness. Exalted personages often assume democratic habits as if they were affecting a theatrical role. Charity is riddled with class consciousness. In Prince Albert there was none of this. All his judgments and affections were based upon a young, clear interest in human nature. He was not able to make people feel uncomfortable, providing their approach to him was sincere. Sometimes, in Canada, his frankness and lack of social tricks had made people imagine that he was ungracious; but this was not true. He was single-minded and, being free of affectation, he could not pretend. He always enjoyed the serene lack of class consciousness which is the blessing of princes and peasants. King George and Queen Mary were able

to observe these good aspects in their son's character during his leave. Added to this pleasure, they were able to read the reports of the officers who had travelled with him. They were all upon the same theme.

While Prince Albert was with his parents at Balmoral, news came of his appointment to H.M.S. *Collingwood*, the ship in which he afterwards served in the Battle of Jutland. He was gazetted midshipman and joined the *Collingwood* at Rosyth, in September. In the following month the *Collingwood* was in the Mediterranean. Prince Albert still attended to his duties without respite. Senior officers still sent for "Mr. Johnstone," the dull name with which he was labelled, and "Mr. Johnstone" still obeyed the summons with precision. He was inclined to be abashed and even curt when people forgot this incognito. At Toulon, a Frenchman with his wife and two daughters came on board and they asked the officer on watch, "May we see the Prince?" Prince Albert happened to be standing two yards away, but the officer answered, "I am very sorry, the Prince has gone for a walk." "Then may we see over the ship?" asked the Frenchman.

The officer turned to Prince Albert and said, "Johnstone, take these people round the ship." Johnstone did as he was told, but on the way the Frenchman was clever enough to ask a sailor, "Is the Prince on board?" The sailor said, "That's him, showing you round." Prince Albert was not good at managing the embarrassment which followed such incidents.

During his cruise in the Mediterranean he was allowed more experiences ashore, all likely to strengthen his knowledge and to equip him in thought and in conversation. An officer who travelled with him at this time made an interesting observation. He said, "I have watched many young people grow, but I have never seen a young man assimilate experience more readily and use it in his mind. In turn, Prince Albert used his experiences in conversation. He had a mind which was easily educated. He was a natural learner, and it was interesting, as he travelled, to watch the effect on his talk." Perhaps these qualities interested Lord Kitchener when he entertained the Prince in Egypt. At least it was noticed that Lord Kitchener talked with him for a long time, and it is known that the hard-bitten soldier thought that Prince Albert had an

interesting mind. December of 1913 came and Prince Albert joined his parents at Sandringham. Then the new, dramatic year began. The one great excitement of the Prince's younger life was coming to him now. His courage was to be tested in war.

The last of our sovereigns to take part in a battle was William IV. He was a midshipman in the relief of Gibraltar, in 1780. A Spanish admiral had commented upon his presence during this action of Rodney's off Cape St. Vincent. "Well does Great Britain merit the Empire of the Seas when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood." From 1780 to 1916 British princes had not been allowed to risk their lives in naval battles, although Prince Arthur had served during the fight against Arabi, at Tel-el-Kebir, in 1881. Governments have been loath to allow members of the Royal Family to risk their lives, and for this reason the present King's service at Jutland will provide an interesting chapter for those biographers who write of him in the future.

Because of this ban upon active service and because we have enjoyed so many spells of peace, sovereigns have been obliged to prove their courage

in ways other than upon the battlefield. It has been upon moral courage that they have been tested, and upon this theme one is drawn back to recollect Queen Victoria, towards the end of her life, when the country was harassed over news of the war in South Africa. Mr. Balfour went to see the Queen at Windsor, and he found her, old and tired, knitting for the soldiers. It is said that when he complained over the failures in South Africa, she leaned towards him and said, "Please understand that there is no one depressed in *this* house. We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat; they do not exist." It was the same fearlessness which made her sit, without moving, when a fool struck her in the face; the same courage which caused her to say, "Too foolish," when a party of Fenians set out with the intention of seizing her at Balmoral. When her secretary said that he would go on "his bended knees" if she would only leave Osborne because of the plots against her life, she told him with fine anger that she would not "have it mentioned again."

If there is any force in heredity at all, it doubtless endows princes with unique courage, since they have been brought up to view the possibility of as-

sassination as one of the penalties of their state. In the dark season before his abdication, King Edward VIII proved that he was not lacking in this force, when a revolver was thrown near to him on Constitution Hill. The theme is powerful and interesting. Students who enjoy tracing the evolution of character through the generations of a family might make much of the remarkable courage of the Hanoverian kings and trace its survival in the sovereigns who have followed them.

Prince Albert came upon the first illustrious year of his life at the beginning of 1914—not because of the war itself, but for the opportunity it gave to prove the inherent nobleness of his motives and the physical courage which had not paled in his family, through the years of peace and prosperity. The drama of Jutland can wait upon a more interesting theme. The fight which Prince Albert put up against ill health, so that he could do his duty as a sailor, provides a theme upon which heroic poets might write. Now that King George enjoys good health, it is perhaps not too personal to dwell upon his fight, when he forced his body with the strength of his will, to overcome weakness which would

have driven almost any other man to an invalid's chair. The ghost of the Spanish admiral at Cape St. Vincent might mutter afresh and add, "Well does Great Britain merit the Empire of the Seas when she has a King whose life has been made and sustained upon the strength of his courage."

The story of the Duke of Windsor's appeal to Kitchener in 1914 is well known. He had been to the War Office many times to urge the authorities to allow him to serve in France. His final pleading, "What does it matter if I am shot? I have four brothers," had moved Kitchener, and when a settled line was formed after the first Battle of Ypres, the Prince had been allowed to cross to France.

Official caution such as this was not Prince Albert's only barrier to active service. It seemed impossible that with his delicate constitution he could ever take his place as a war-time sailor. When war was threatened, at the end of July 1914, Prince Albert was well enough to fulfil his duties. No description of the nervous, awful days preceding the declaration of war is more vivid than the opening pages of *A Naval Lieutenant, 1914-1918*, by Etienne. "At 6 P.M. on 31st July the Fleet entered

Scapa Flow in a typical drizzle. Coaling was started, and went on through the night. The Home Fleet had become the Grand Fleet and had reached its war base." Etienne wrote of the night of August 4th, when news of the declaration of war reached the Fleet: "When I came up on the bridge at 3.45 A.M. . . . the officer of the middle watch said to me in a matter-of-fact tone, 'We've had a signal, at 1.27 A.M. ordering us to commence hostile acts against Germany.'

" 'You mean war!' I exclaimed.

" 'Yes, I suppose so,' he answered, then with maddening indifference he began to tell me what course and speed we were on."

News of the outbreak of war came to Prince Albert in a similar way. The *Collingwood* was at sea and he was on the middle watch when the signal was received. The *Collingwood* returned to Scapa Flow and took her part in the preparations. More than fifty grey ships were anchored in the harbour, but owing to lack of defences at the several entrances, they could not remain there except to coal. During the time when the booms and batteries were being erected at the harbour entrances and old mer-

chant ships sunk, to bar all but one way into Scapa Flow, the ships spent most of their time at sea. When the anchorage was safe, they were able to prepare for the long months of waiting.

A doleful officer has described Scapa Flow as "gallons and gallons of water surrounded by miles and miles of damn all." As they waited for the battle which was still two years ahead of them, the British sailors manufactured their own cures for Scapa's dreariness. It was characteristic of them that while they trained within their anchorage and while the battle squadrons were going out to sea; while they lived in the darkness of censorship and rumours of German preparations, they planned a golf course. Etienne tells us that "What the English race demand, whether in the far north, in the mud of Flanders, or the heat of Mesopotamia, is games." The *chef-d'œuvre* at Scapa Flow, made during these weeks of waiting, was the golf course.

"There were eighteen holes, and each big ship undertook the design and construction of one hole. Great ingenuity and care were taken over the business, and one battleship is reputed to have spent

£70 in getting turf for their green from a famous Scottish course."

This was the atmosphere in which Prince Albert lived. He liked the work that fell to him, and he appreciated the diversions which followed. He remained with his ship for a month after war was declared. It was a month of disturbed thought and little action. Light cruisers "were busy sinking German trawlers and warning British and neutral ships of the outbreak of war." Before real excitement came into the waters of Scapa Flow, with the supposed arrival of an enemy submarine, early in September, Prince Albert was so ill that he had to be taken from the *Collingwood* on to a hospital ship and carried south to Aberdeen. Persistent gastric pain and sickness had weakened him. He accepted long weeks of convalescence, upon the promise that he would be allowed to return to his ship. By Christmas time he was well enough to join his father in a shoot at Sandringham, but his return to health did not draw his imagination away from Scapa Flow, where the Grand Fleet was still waiting its opportunities. Towards the end of January Prince Albert wrote to a senior officer who had recently taken

part in the Battle of the Falkland Islands: "I have had a certain amount of shooting this season which will put me in good form when the bigger game come forth to fight, that is, if they do. I will write and tell you the result and, let us hope, it will be as successful as yours."

But Prince Albert was forced to wait. While the sinister game of the North Sea went on, the bombardment of Scarborough in December, and the sinking of the *Blucher*, he was sentenced to a desk in the Operations Division at the Admiralty. He had to wait until February before the Medical Board relented. Then he was allowed to rejoin his ship and return to Scapa Flow. His brother was already in France, disturbing his senior officers with his rashness. Prince Albert hoped now that his physical enemy was mastered. For nine months he worked on, through hours of intense pain, of which he never complained. In the end he was forced to come ashore once more and assume useful but unexciting duties among the wounded. In the early part of 1916 the Prince was well enough to work in the Admiralty again. Although these spells of physical inactivity were boring for him, they gave him a

unique opportunity. He saw naval warfare from the Admiralty point of view, and, added to his practical experience, this strengthened his qualities as a sailor. In May of 1916 he was well enough to go to sea once more. Time was kind to him, for it was on the last day of this month that the great Battle of Jutland was fought . . . when the two most powerful fleets in the history of the world met in the North Sea.

There was an historical coincidence which was naturally lost in the business of the time. Jutland was fought within a few days of the anniversary of the battle off Lowestoft in 1665, when the Duke of York (afterwards James II) went into the fray, flying his flag as Lord High Admiral. Three officers had been killed on the quarter-deck beside him, and he had seen the Dutchmen beaten and in full retreat.

Prince Albert was also to see the enemy in full retreat, after the greatest naval battle of modern times. At midday on Tuesday, May 30th, news was received in London that the German High Seas Fleet was preparing for sea, and two hours afterwards the ships waiting at Scapa Flow received

orders from the Admiralty to raise steam and concentrate on the North Sea. By 10.30 P.M. Sir John Jellicoe was out of Scapa Flow and the whole Grand Fleet was behind him, making for the Bight, before the German Fleet had even left the Jade River.

The layman who studies the many books written about Jutland is left little the wiser when his reading is ended. In the English accounts of the battle, emphasis is too often laid upon the comparative merits of Admiral Beatty and Admiral Jellicoe, and writers become so heated over this controversy that the larger issue of war between Germany and England is almost overlooked. To this day some old sailors divide themselves upon the matter with the vehemence of Cavaliers and Roundheads. One is a Beatty man or a Jellicoe man and there the matter ends. Beatty embraced the doctrine that a fleet should seek out its rival and destroy it. Jellicoe's conception of the fleet was constitutional. He believed that his ships should be preserved for the future rather than expended or destroyed in the one act of victory. The layman heeds nothing of the argument. He reads the story of Jutland with a tinge of disappointment, because he is seeking in

history for the glamour of a great personality or the drama of a decisive victory. When he thinks of a battle at sea, he still turns to his childhood books and recalls Trafalgar. Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon compares Trafalgar and Jutland, with convincing statistics, in *The Jutland Scandal*. "All of us have some conception, more or less, of the size of a modern battleship," he writes, "but it is interesting to compare the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, with the *Iron Duke*, Lord Jellicoe's flagship at Jutland. The *Victory* cost one hundred thousand pounds; the *Iron Duke* two million and eighty thousand pounds; or twenty *Victories* could have been built for the cost of the *Iron Duke*. The tonnage of the *Victory* was 2,500 tons, that of the *Iron Duke* 25,000, or ten times as much."

To think of a possible battle between fleets built in these proportions is wonderful and terrifying. But Jutland yields neither wonder nor terror when we read of it now. Indeed, it may seem incredible that years of effort and invention and millions upon millions of pounds should have been expended so that two fleets might meet in the North Sea, for two hours in the evening of one day, to prove

themselves in a conflict which was ended by darkness and not by decisive victory on either side. But the Grand Fleet had won its victory before Jutland began. Its menace paralysed the High Seas Fleet, and it is necessary, in assessing the King's knowledge of the Navy, to ponder over the importance of the apparently lifeless months of waiting in harbour.

During the dull weeks of training and the monotony of the scenes of Scapa Flow, the Fleet had, by virtue of its existence, kept the seas almost entirely clear for the passage of merchant ships and of the army to France. This was its main achievement, in relation to the entire war, and although public imagination needed the feast of a battle, it is true that the Fleet gained its great moral victory in Scapa Flow and not when it met the German Grand Fleet on May 31st.

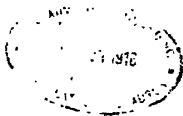
The officers and men on board the *Collingwood* did not suspect the purpose of the order to raise steam, on the afternoon of May 30th, 1916. The same order had come so many times that these departures from Scapa Flow were no more than part of the dull habit of waiting. H.M.S. *Collingwood*

was in the First Battle Squadron and she steamed out of the harbour in the darkness, taking her place in the great fleet of fifty-one ships. The evening was mild and there were stars, low hanging, over the water. The night passed calmly and the officers went about their duties, still in ignorance of the fact that this was a unique journey. It was in the forenoon of the next day that orders were given to proceed at full speed, and with its cruiser forces and destroyers ahead, the ships were strewn over the whole horizon. The haze which obscured them later in the day was thin in the early afternoon, and Prince Albert, standing on top of the foremost turret, was able to see the magnificent fleet passing over the calm, grey-green water. The bugle call for "The double" and for "Prepare for action" sounded, and there was no doubt of its portent when it rang out, about one-thirty o'clock in the afternoon. While the quick excitement of obeying the order was passing through the *Collingwood*, the Fifth Battle Squadron and the battle cruisers were already in action, and as Prince Albert took his station as the second officer in command of A Turret, he could see the flashes of the enemy fire on the far horizon,

dim now, from the thickening haze. As the broad, guttural rumble of the gunfire came to him over the water, he heard somebody near to him say, "Well, after two years of false alarms, we've got something at last." At six o'clock, as the first darkness was gathering over the water, he could see the flashes of the German gunfire on the starboard side. The first awful sign of what was to come was the sight of the wreck of the *Invincible*, which the *Collingwood* passed at full speed. The great ship had been struck in the first attack, at the beginning of the battle. Prince Albert saw her, broken in two, her stern and her bows rising from the dark water. Her sailors and her wreckage were caught in the eddies about the bow. The *Collingwood* steamed near enough for him to read the name upon the *Invincible's* stern. Then they passed a destroyer, the *Ambuscade*, put out of action, with steam pouring from her funnel. In recalling the hours afterwards, Prince Albert spoke of the "job of work" atmosphere in the ship, the strained calm and the measured, untroubled voice of the captain, speaking to the gunnery lieutenant over the telephone. About half-past six, steaming with the *Marlborough* astern and the

Colossus ahead of her, the *Collingwood* moved into the arena of the battle. The haze was now so heavy that the enemy ships could be located only by the flashes of their guns. During the next hour the *Collingwood* fired eighty-odd rounds at the enemy. For some minutes during the action Prince Albert climbed on to the top of the turret and watched the battle: a distinctly daring thing to do. . . . He saw the *Marlborough* hit by a torpedo, five hundred yards away, and a torpedo approaching on the *Collingwood's* starboard side. The captain was able to use his helm to avoid it, so that the torpedo passed harmlessly on its way. But Prince Albert's moment came when an enemy shell struck the water some yards off the ship and, rising, ricocheted over the turret on which he was standing. It passed without doing harm and it plunged in the sea to port, but it had come near enough for Prince Albert to duck his head and hurry back into the turret again. When his senior officer saw him, he said, "What the hell's the matter with you?" The reply was simple. "I'm coming down now, sir."

The *Collingwood* was not in action after darkness fell. Prince Albert was able to see the far-away



H.M.S. "COLLINGWOOD",
10th June 1916.

Sir,

In accordance with your signal 0600 of today, I have the honour to submit the following report of the action of 31st May 1916.

2. At 3.15 p.m., enemy reports between the Light Cruiser Squadrons and Battle Cruisers and the Commander-in-Chief began to be received. The Grand Fleet was steering S.E. by S. in each column of divisions, line ahead to starboard, 10 knots, "COLLINGWOOD" being second ship of "COLOSSUS" division (No. 5.)
3. At 4.50. p.m., the Flag signalled that the enemy's Battle Fleet were coming North.
4. At about 6.15 p.m., our Battle Cruiser Squadron, consisting of two "LION"s, "TIGER", and "NEW ZEALAND" appeared to the Southward steering about S.N.E., and engaging with starboard guns. The weather was thick, visibility about four miles, and nothing was at first seen of the enemy, but soon afterwards the flashes of their guns was observed.
5. At 6.25. p.m., deployed to S.E. by S., by equal speed method, and speed of fleet reduced to 14 knots.
6. At 6.30 p.m., "COLOSSUS" signalled for fire to be opened at the enemy as soon as seen, and soon afterwards a cruiser was observed to the southward apparently stopped, and fire was opened on her, at a range of about 9000 yards. The bearing was approximately ahead.
7. From time to time after this, the flashes of the guns of the enemy's ships beyond the cruiser were observed, but insufficiently clearly to lay the director or guns on, and, at no time could the enemy's hulls be seen from the fore conning tower or director tower.
8. An Officer in the after director tower, Lieutenant J.U.P. Fitzgerald, Royal Navy, informed me afterwards that, on one occasion for a few moments, he was able to make out dimly the hulls of three or four ships - he thought of the "HELGOLAND" and "NASSAU" classes - and later that he saw the enemy's line, or some ships of them, turn away apparently together. He saw a signal "FU" made by searchlight by some ships in the enemy's line, several times just before they appeared to turn away. The signalman in "COLLINGWOOD"s foretop also saw this, and, about five minutes earlier, our "Compass" made about five times. It struck him that these signals were being made to the enemy cruiser at which heavy fire was at the time being directed.

Battle-
isers pass
Eastward.

ad Fleet?
employs.

in Flashes
only
visible.

Enemy
searchlight
signals
observed.

The hull.....

The Vice Admiral Commanding,

9. The hull of one ship, thought to be "KAISER" class, was seen once in the fore top for a few moments, but disappeared before the guns could be laid on her.

10. It is to be noted here that the times of the various prominent incidents of the battle observed, were more specially noted, and those given in this report (other than alterations of course taken from the signal book) are not reliable.

11. The "DEFENCE" and "WARRIOR" (or "BLACK PRINCE") were observed, it is thought, about 6.40 p.m. between our line and the enemy's, steering towards our rear, firing vigorously, and themselves on fire and repeatedly struck, and the former ship was observed to be blown up.

First
destroyer
attack on
our line.

12. A torpedo attack by an unknown, but small number of destroyers was directed on our rear from the beam direction soon after fire was opened, and, the 5th division turned away two points by "Preparative". Fire was opened with 4" guns at a destroyer which approached more nearly than the others. It is believed that this attack accounted for the torpedo attack on "MARLBOROUGH".

13. Speed was increased by signal to 17 knots.

14. At 6.57 p.m., course was altered to south.

"COLOSSUS"
struck by
heavy shell.

15. "COLOSSUS" was observed to be struck forward, it is thought about 7.10 p.m., but with this exception, the splashes of enemy shot about our line appeared to be infrequent. One or two salvos were observed to fall over "COLLINGWOOD" and a spent heavy yellow-coloured projectile striking short ricocheted and burst on striking the water between us and "COLOSSUS" (Some apparently medium calibre projectiles were falling short at the beginning of the action, but "COLLINGWOOD" was not struck).

Another (?)
enemy
cruiser
observed.

16. Soon after this another damaged enemy cruiser of "ROSTOCK" class was observed about abeam, and fire was opened on her with lyddite common shell. I am myself in some doubt as to whether this was in fact another ship, or the same one as was being fired at previously, the fleet having perhaps brought her again into view by alteration of course to starboard. An Officer in the after conning tower considers that the first cruiser was sunk and that this was certainly a different and larger one.

17. At 7.22 p.m., speed was reduced by signal to 15 knot

Enemy's
Battle-
Cruisers
and
Destroyers
appear.

18. About 7.20 p.m. (?) an enemy's battle cruiser, taken by me to be "SEIDLITZ" appeared on starboard beam (turned to same direction as our fleet) shortly followed by another. Other officers considered she was a "DEMPFLINGER", and the question remains in doubt, though my impression of the central funnel is a fairly clear one. She presented a clear target, range about 8000 yards, and fire was shifted to her. Unfortunately the guns were loaded with lyddite common shell. She was struck at once by two salvos which started fire, and silenced all but her fore turret guns. She very shortly disappeared and before A.P. shells could arrive at the guns a number of destroyers in dense smoke were attacking from about 5 miles.

before our boom. The general impression is that these destroyers turned round to starboard (i.e., towards course of our fleet) to fire their torpedoes at a range of about 2000 yards.

While approaching and after turning, they made dense clouds of smoke into which the battle cruisers disappeared. It occurs to me that the latter were accompanying the flotilla, probably fired torpedoes themselves, and then took cover in the smoke of the destroyers.

19. At 7.36 p.m., a general signal to turn away two points was made.

Torpedoes
cross our
line.

20. "COLOSSUS" now signalled the approach of a torpedo and turned away. Immediately afterwards a torpedo track was seen about 20° abaft "COLLINGWOOD" a beam coming straight at the ship. I am under the impression that the ship was at the time already under helm. Large helm was put on and the torpedo passed very close astern. At the same time another was observed to pass about 30 yards ahead. It is thought that the ship had turned about 4 or 5 points when these torpedoes crossed the line.

21. Fire was continued at a damaged destroyer on the quarter with 12" guns for a few minutes and then ceased, no hostile craft being seen afterwards.

General
Remarks.

22. On one or two occasions, fires were distinguished on board enemy's ships. It is to me remarkable that, notwithstanding the very weak attacks of the German destroyers (for whose operations the weather conditions were admirable) and the great range (about 2000 yards) at which their torpedoes were fired, so large a number of their torpedoes passed through the rear of our line. The smooth water helped my fore top look-outs to distinguish the tracks of the torpedoes.

It is obvious to me that the fact that all but one missed is principally providential. The loss suffered by these destroyers appeared to be small, only one was observed by "COLLINGWOOD" to be put out of action. The great value of this form of attack on a line of ships is to me the outstanding feature of the battle fleet action.

The apparently concerted torpedo attack by battle cruisers and destroyers covered by dense smoke, and the remarkably close range to which the battle-cruisers approached is noteworthy.

Conduct of
Officers
and men.

23. All ranks and ratings performed their duties to my complete satisfaction. There was a complete absence of excitement in all departments, and I am convinced that, had "COLLINGWOOD" suffered damage, the behaviour of Officers and Men would have proved to be entirely in accordance with the best traditions of His Majesty's Navy.

I have the honour to be

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

flashes of the enemy cruisers, but, in his own words, "The worst part of all was the night afterwards." The *Collingwood* had ceased firing at 9 o'clock and from then until the first light of dawn, a little after four o'clock, she steamed on, in darkness, ready for an action in the morning. Her last taste of the battle came with the dawn. An officer looked towards the rising sun, which was still low upon the water and lighting the eastern sky. He saw a form moving against the light and called, "There's a bloody Zeppelin!" The airship was six to ten miles away, on the port side of the *Collingwood*. There was a touch of grim humour about this closing scene of the battle. All the action of the day before had been on the starboard side. The port gun-turret had been obliged to watch and wait, and the officer in charge had been sick with disappointment, having loaded his guns, without using them. He received his orders and fired both guns at the Zeppelin. She escaped and turned back, to report the position of the *Collingwood* to the German Fleet. But the conflict was ended. The fleet steamed north, towards Scapa Flow, and the only sign of the terrible yesterday which the *Collingwood* passed was the wreck-

age of a German cruiser, abandoned and broken, with lifebuoys and planks and flotsam floating in the water about her. The excitement was over and the monotony of waiting had begun once more. The *Collingwood* steamed into the harbour at Scapa Flow, and next morning she took in two thousand tons of coal, and prepared for her everyday business.

Later in the year Prince Albert received a letter from his old tutor who had served with the Fleet at Falkland Islands. In the interim the Prince had once more paid heavily for the physical strain of service and he had been sent from his ship to London. He wrote to his friend, from Buckingham Palace:

"I am now very nearly well again, though the doctors won't let me go to sea again till April or May, which is a great bore. But still, it can't be helped. Between now and then I have a job at Portsmouth under Admiral Colville, the C.-in-C. there.

"The Jutland battle was a great thing to have been in, and it certainly was very different from what I expected. We of course in the *Collingwood* saw a good deal more than some of the other ships, and we fired more than they did. We were not hit at all, which was very lucky, though we were straddled several times. One shell dropped over the forecastle, missing us by inches!!

"I was in the fore turret, second in command. Tait was O.C.T. During some part of it I was sitting on top when they straddled us. I didn't remain up very long after that!!

"We had no breakdowns of any sort. Everything worked very well and as for the men, they were quite marvellous. Just as cheery as usual, and worked like demons. The worst part of all was the night afterwards. We ceased firing at 9 P.M. and then went to night defence till 2 A.M. when we closed up in the turrets again.

"We were sick at not seeing the enemy again, that morning. An old Zepp was sighted at 4 A.M., who gave away our position to them.

"Of course there were many side shows, most of them extremely funny, but I can't tell you them now. I heard from Mr. Start the other day, and several times from Greig. I used to see a good deal of poor old Percy when he was in London last April. It was very sad his going down in the *Queen Mary*. I see a certain amount of The Term at different times, but they change ships so often it is impossible to remember where they all are. I met Reid the other day in the street on leave from France.

"He is doing very well in the Engineers, I hear, and he was quite recovered from his wound. I was down at Torquay the other day for a fortnight, and I went over to the college to see the old place. They are building on extra dormitories and class-rooms, etc., behind the seamanship room. What a pity it was they never looked ahead when the plans were drawn out! They have now got five terms there, but shortly there will be six, each over a hundred cadets, so you can see how much room will have to be made for them.

"My younger brother George has now gone to Osborne. He went last September. I enjoyed your story of the Turk or Turco goat.

"Wishing you the best of luck, I remain,

"Ever,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ALBERT."

FROM THE NAVY TO THE AIR FORCE

"You are accustomed to a simple life, made easy and acceptable by the friendship of those around you. You must grow accustomed to mental fatigue in the world as to bodily fatigue in camp."

FÉNÉLON

Chapter IV

FROM THE NAVY TO THE AIR FORCE

THE closing months of 1916 were interesting for Prince Albert, but they yielded him little excitement. Soon after the Battle of Jutland he was ordered ashore to work under the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. He was not contented to be away from his ship. Letters arrived from his fellow-officers to feed his dissatisfaction and, as winter came, he complained and asked to be allowed to go to sea again. It was not until the following summer that the Admiralty yielded and appointed him to the *Malaya*. Again he worked and waited with the fleet at Scapa Flow. He was in the harbour when the *Vanguard* was blown up, leaving only two survivors—a stoker and a marine—to tell their story.

There is an aspect of Prince Albert's war service which should be considered if one is to appreciate the ways by which his character grew while he was in the Navy. The three services, Army, Navy and

Air Force, came into the War in 1914 with certain established characteristics. The Air Force, then combining the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps, was young and therefore quick to respond to new ideas, changes and experiments in tactics. There was no accumulation of tradition to hinder their response to innovations. The Army went through tremendous changes throughout the years of battle, and the ideas upon military warfare were vastly different in 1918 from what they were in 1914, when the War began. Soldiers who had been educated upon the ideas and experience of Napoleon and Frederick the Great; who had absorbed the lessons of the Crimea, the campaigns in Egypt and the war in South Africa, had to apply themselves to conditions and warfare of a magnitude that had never been imagined. Gas, tanks, aircraft and machine-guns had to be reckoned with, and, with these fierce agents at hand, the Army had to revise its point of view and learn new lessons almost every day. It fought through years of innovation, as well as loss and anxiety. It is to be remembered that Prince Edward of Wales lived through these experiences, and it does not seem to

be an exaggeration to suppose that the unsettling influences of service with the Army were among those which contributed to his discontent. This was not so in the Navy. Jutland was fought in the tradition of sea warfare. Guns were more mighty and ships more formidable than in the past, but tradition governed much of what happened in the North Sea during the years of waiting and during the brief hours of actual destruction.

A new service was born to fight in the air and an old service was changed and re-born on land. But the Navy suffered no such violent upheavals. When the War came, sailors were called upon to uphold a tradition. The tradition was not vitally changed between 1914 and 1918. An imposing chapter was added to our naval history, but there was an evenness and convention in the chapter which was not likely to startle sailors from their old habits of thought.

The equanimity of the sailor and the self-control with which he experienced the War seem to be indicated in two stories from Scapa Flow, while Prince Albert was serving there. One is of the calm which soon came to the ships of the Grand Fleet as they

steamed back to the harbour, after Jutland. The routine of ordinary days was soon established when the battle was over, and on those ships which had not been hit, officers took their baths, changed and ate good dinners, with English calm. The other story is of one of the two men who survived the destruction of the *Vanguard*. In giving his evidence before the Court of Inquiry, the unique hero stated even the time of the explosion. He said, "I turned into my hammock about 10.15 P.M. Was reading *Harmsworth's Magazine* until I retired. I then dropped my book and looked at the clock; it was twenty minutes to eleven by the clock. I turned round and said 'Good night' to a messmate of mine. As I laid my head to go to sleep it came over dark all of a sudden and then there was a crash, and the deck above me seemed to open out and I seemed to fly through it. The next thing I remember was coming down and striking the water and a lump of deck came over the top of me."

These stories may not be important beside the awful record of war, but they indicate the state of mind of the sailor as compared with the soldier, who was trained to expect changes and alarms.

During the War and in the years that followed, Prince Albert was allowed greater calm than his elder brother ever enjoyed. While the Prince of Wales was drawn into the perpetual excitement and unsteady influences of Army life, his younger brother was allowed to grow and learn at a less alarming tempo.

Towards the close of 1917 a new attack of illness drove Prince Albert on shore again. This last relapse proved to be fortunate since it led to the operation which freed him, once and for all, of the gastric pains which had brought so many unhappy months to his boyhood.

When the Prince landed from the *Malaya*, he went to the King, who was then staying at Windsor. Prince Albert was now sensitive and intelligent enough to see the changes which had come to his diligent and conscientious father. It was early summer when Prince Albert joined the King. Windsor was beautiful with the richness of summer, but even here, where almost a thousand years had seared the stone and left their memorials on the earth, there were signs of the War. Great trees in the park, where Elizabeth had walked and where Shake-

speare had spun the plot for a play, had been cut down by brawny Canadian soldiers; and sometimes in the evening, as they came out of chapel, the choristers heard the dim boom of the guns in France. Every hour of three years had added to King George's burden. Prince Albert found an older father, less inclined to make his sturdy sailor jokes; a man who was tired and determined, and bitter against Germany. His aims and interests had narrowed to the one course. He had forgotten what peace was like. Ten odd years before, King Edward had said to the Permanent Secretary of State at the Colonial Office, "We permanent officials never have a real holiday. We have to be at it all the time." King George made the same remark, in his own form. In the last year of the War he was inclined to sigh and recall that he, alone, never knew what a day of rest was like. Every day, even Sunday, he was at his desk.

When he was younger, Prince Albert had not noticed these signs of his father's burden. Now he remarked upon the King's tiredness and he remarked also upon the unending duties of his days. He was older and more likely to be a companion

to the King. Like Queen Victoria, King George knew what was right and what was wrong. The expedient course was always a frightening and impossible way for him. Prince Albert was to be his heir in this single-minded judgment of affairs, and now that his son was mature, with experience to strengthen his ideas, the King found much to talk over with him. They walked in the park in the afternoon, and by the river, slowly narrowing the gulf which exists between fathers and sons—more widely than ever when the father is a king.

Jutland and the months of waiting at Scapa Flow had left their mark on Prince Albert. His shyness was fading and his personality was taking shape. He had already shown the royal genius for making one feel that one's own little affairs were of great importance to him. This fortunate manner was never insincere, for he was deeply sensitive—without the dangerous extremes of sentimentality or emotionalism. He viewed life seriously, but not heavily. There was humour to leaven his conscientiousness and save it from growing into dullness. His humour was quiet, but sometimes, in a quick epigrammatic phrase, he would startle older people

with the sharpness and the sense of his judgment. Prince Albert never accepted faults in others, or lazy service, with equanimity. He was capable of quick and even angry protest. He did not waver with indecision—he knew what he wished, but he was not stubborn. With his capacity for occasional anger there went an enchanting humility which allowed him to admit himself wrong if he had been wrong, and to apologise to the least of those who served him if, in contemplation, he thought that his reprimand was undeserved.

King George found great happiness in observing the quiet and strong way in which his son's character was growing. One day the King spoke to an officer who had been with Prince Albert for some time. The officer said, "I find him such good company—so charming to be with. He is not complicated—so natural and so young." Once more King George expressed his gratitude. "I am pleased with him," he said.

King George V did not become reconciled to the innovation of flying, but he nevertheless realised that a new world had been discovered and that progress in aviation was one of the few constructive

benefits that was coming out of the War. At a time when the restless young needed a focus for their imagination and energy, the art of flying matured and, as Sir Harry Brittain has said, "Aviation made the old nations of the world young again." King George did not nurse his prejudice and he realised that one of his sons should be identified with the air. Towards the end of 1917 the choice fell upon Prince Albert. His experience of the service, since then, has been valuable and of infinite variety.

It is to be remembered that King George VI is the first qualified air pilot to be crowned sovereign of this country. The fact is important, for it is through flying that his generation has made its most exciting experiments and discoveries. When the history of aviation is written by some historian of the future, it will be wrapped about the name of King George VI as the story of navigation in the seventeenth century is wrapped about the name of Elizabeth.

Prince Albert went to Cranwell in April of 1918, a little time before the Royal Naval Air Service was abandoned and the Royal Air Force, as we know it to-day, was formed. This important chap-

ter of the story of the service did not bring excitement to Cranwell, and the new service was born without many outward signs of change. Tradition and red tape had played some strange tricks on the flat, dull stretch of Lincolnshire earth, when the station was still under Admiralty discipline. It had been officially named H.M.S. *Daedalus*, and this naval convention went so far that the ground about the flag mast was described as the quarter-deck. It was not thought unusual when a non-commissioned officer reported that the "grass on the quarter-deck" needed cutting.

When the Air Force was given its own identity, many distinguished soldiers were appointed to assist in its creation. Prince Albert saw all this work and he was able to watch the experiments, and observe the inevitable mistakes which were made, with a keen eye and mind. Again and again in the years that followed, he showed that these lessons had not been wasted on him. He was able to talk with the senior officers of the service and to appreciate their problems. It must be a great source of satisfaction to the youngest and most lively of the services

to know that their monarch is a qualified pilot and that he knows them well.

All the great achievements in the air have been made during his life. The introduction to Vol. I of *The War in the Air* brings this fact home¹ to us with an impressive arrangement of facts. The present King was eight years old when the Wright brothers made "the first free flight through the air in a power-driven machine." As Prince Albert grew up, he was able to watch the progress of aviation, up to the beginning of the War. He was able to compare the incident when the British Admiralty refused to buy the Wright brothers' invention with the more encouraging view of 1911 when the Admiralty began to subsidise aviation. He had always been interested in flying, and he watched the growth of the Royal Naval Air Force up to the day in 1914 when "we had a small but healthy service, both naval and military, ready to take the air."

In the four years and three months of the War "the Air Service grew and multiplied a hundred-fold." Forty-eight machines had taken part in the retreat from Mons and a detachment of the Naval

¹ Quoted with the permission of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

wing had helped in the defence of Antwerp. This was the beginning. At the time when Prince Albert joined Sir Hugh Trenchard's staff at Nancy, "there were operating in France and Belgium ninety-nine squadrons of the Royal Air Force. In August 1914 the total of machines available for immediate war service was about a hundred and fifty. In November 1918 there were more than twenty-two thousand in use, almost all of them enormously more powerful and efficient than the best machines of the earlier date. In the course of the War our air forces accounted for more than eight thousand enemy machines; dropped more than eight thousand tons of bombs on enemy objectives; fired more than twelve million rounds of ammunition at targets on the ground; took more than half a million photographs; brought down nearly three hundred enemy balloons; and suffered a total of casualties not far short of eighteen thousand." It is important to remember that the King was closely identified with this epic—he worked with many of the men who created the first illustrious chapter of Air Force history.

While he was at Cranwell Prince Albert's experi-

ence was limited to ground work, for neither the King nor the Government yet welcomed the idea of his learning to be a pilot. His experience as adjutant brought him into touch with every rank of the service. Officers who were with him still speak with surprise of certain characteristics which the Prince showed when he was at Cranwell. He administered discipline without sentimentality, and delinquents who came before him, perhaps hoping that he would show royal indulgence for their faults, went away with a changed conception of his character. He never tried to win popularity at the expense of his sense of right and wrong. Queen Victoria's iron will was there and it made itself felt.

It was a little time before the death of King George V that his second son made the remark which is a key to one of the most important influences in his life. He said that he had not been brought up to be "palace-minded." This is still true, for he has spent the greater part of his forty-two years in small houses, and one of the sacrifices which he must have felt at the time of his accession was in leaving his London house for the vast rooms of Buckingham Palace, and the modest house in

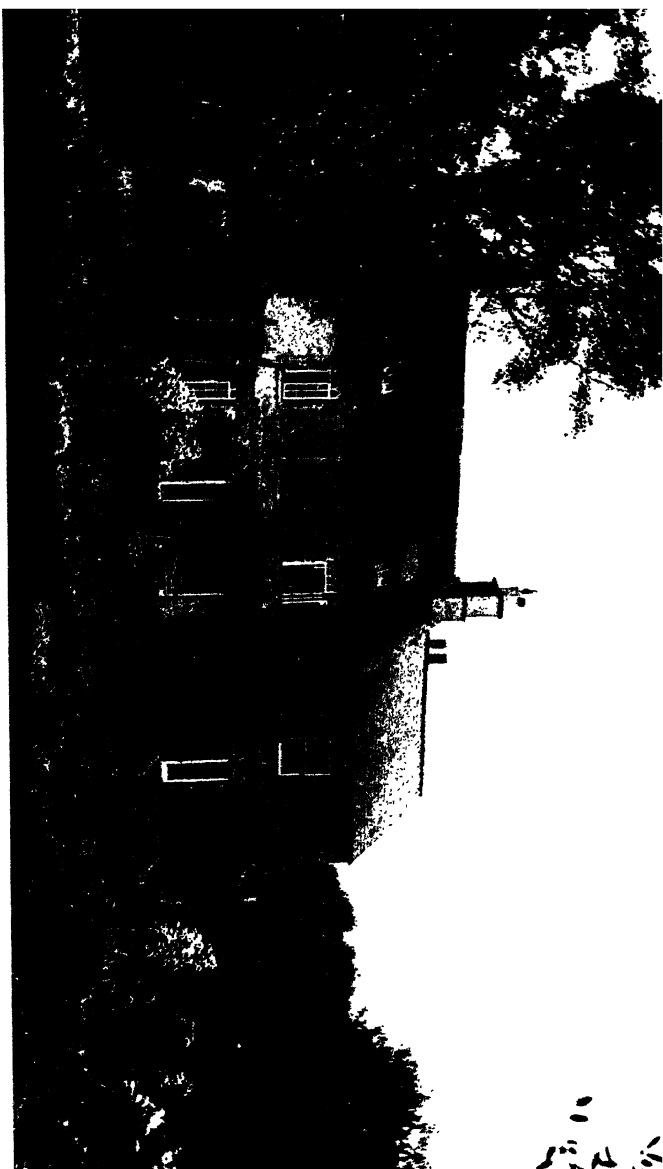
Windsor Park for the venerable but overwhelming castle on the hill. It is said that Princess Elizabeth regretted the change so much that she suggested that she might have an underground passage from the gardens of Buckingham Palace to the house in Piccadilly which she knew so well, so that she could go back to her home to sleep at night. It is a popular theme among journalists to accentuate the simple tastes of princes. If they eat a modest apple or change their own pen nibs, the story is flashed about the world. In the present King this simplicity is an integral part of his character and his tastes, and it is surprising, in looking back over his story, to count up the years in which he lived with the comforts which might be enjoyed by a well-to-do country doctor.

This simplicity has a history. From the time when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert made their retreats at Osborne and at Balmoral, members of the Royal Family have insisted upon certain weeks of domestic quiet as an antidote for splendour. There was a great deal of sly humour and self-revelation in the remark which King George V is said to have made to somebody who assumed unnecessary

grandness of manner before him. He referred to Buckingham Palace as "my house in Pimlico." King George V and Queen Mary were also used to small houses. Their married life was moulded at York Cottage, Sandringham, White Lodge in Richmond Park, and at Frogmore, Windsor. Their sons grew up with normal ideas about home life, and when Prince Albert went to Cranwell it was not strange for him to join the family group in a cottage, in the village of Rauceby, near by. Rauceby is small and withdrawn from the busy world. The lanes, mostly bordered by low stone fences, bring little traffic to the cluster of old houses. The arrival of a casual motor-car stirs Rauceby . . . the curtains part and tongues become busy. One can imagine how the village stirred from its torpor when Rauceby Cottage was opened, in the summer of 1918, to admit strangers—almost foreigners—from the south. Their motor-cars were not smart and rich, so there was no reason to suspect the identity of the "young gentleman in a grey suit" who appeared in the village street on the second day. They were comforted when the storekeeper declared him not to be "uppish." He "talked as if he

was one of ourselves." Beyond this they knew nothing, except that he went to the Air Force station at Cranwell every morning and returned to the garden in the evening. When the truth fell upon Rauceby—that the King's son was living in the cottage—the village fell deep into the sins of pride and gossip. On the fourth morning they learned that the Prince had pumped his own bath-water, and they were incredulous, a week or so afterwards, when they learned that he had bought a roll of wire-netting because he wished to keep his own chickens.

These four months were perhaps the happiest in his younger life. He learned much of human nature within the small, wild garden which was hidden from the road by a plantation of middle-aged trees and a tangled coppice. His sitting-room was small and it opened upon the garden. When the day's work at Cranwell was ended, he would sit in view of the lawn and trees, and read. The house was so small that he learned the details of housekeeping, the value of economies and the laws of give and take which are expected of people who live close together. Families are obliged to live less selfishly in small houses, and Prince Albert soon realised that



RAUCHEBY COTTAGE, NEAR GRANWELL.

Where Prince Albert lived during his Air Force training period

comforts do not fall from the sky, but that they involve labour and thought.

To this day the gardener at Rauceby Cottage recalls Prince Albert's experiments with the wire-netting chicken-run and his diligent work among the rose-beds. "Oh, yes, we remember the Prince," he has said. "He'd come in and sit down and talk to us. There was no side about him. Oh, no. And everybody in the village loved him. He was so nice to everyone. No nonsense about him. Oh, no." The gardener is still a fine figure of a man, in his corduroy trousers and clean-washed Sunday shirt. His voice is deep and slow. "I mind one day," he said, "when I was working in the garden. The Prince had been with us a month or two then, and the summer flowers were just beginning. There was a piece near the foot of the garden that needed digging and we dug it together, the Prince and I. Sometimes he would talk, but mostly he worked fairly hard and said nothing. But this day he stood up, with one foot on the spade, you know, and said to me, 'Oh, I'm loving this freedom.' "

From Cranwell, Prince Albert went to Hastings and then to Folkestone, where still another small

house was found for him. By this time he was a keen motorist, and his tutor was amused when the only stipulation made by the Prince as to the comforts of the house was that it should have a garage. He had become mechanical-minded . . . a trait which has grown since then. Also, he loved speed, and older people who drove with him were sometimes alarmed as he shot across country in an open car, unmindful of their struggles to hold on to their hair and their hats. In each of these new stations the Prince studied some new aspect of the Royal Air Force. The authorities still insisted that he should not fly, but every other department of the service was open to him and he learned his lesson well. Before Prince Albert left Sandgate, King George went to see him. Again the fatherly but critical eye examined all. Almost daily reports were sent to Buckingham Palace, and King George's control over his son was no less rigid than when he was a boy at Sandringham. The King wished to know every detail of Prince Albert's days so that when he said that he was pleased with him, the compliment was not empty nor the praise undeserved.

In September of 1918 Prince Albert flew to

France for the first time. Prince Edward had gained wide experience since 1914. He had served with the Army in France, he had been to Egypt and he had stayed with the King of Italy, on the Italian front. He had met important people from most of the allied countries and he had been entrusted with dispatches which he carried back to Lord Kitchener from France. He knew a wider world than his younger brother, who was still little more than a name to the mass of British people. Even with the experience of service at Scapa Flow, the honour of his conduct at Jutland and the knowledge gained with the R.A.F., Prince Albert was still kept in the background. He stayed with Lord Derby for one night in Paris, but when he went on to Nancy next day he was once more a junior officer. Lord Trenchard (then Sir Hugh Trenchard) received him kindly, but he was left to eat his meals in the Junior Officers' Mess and to live in what his companion described as a "damned uncomfortable hut." Sir Hugh Trenchard observed him at a distance. The first verdict brought to him was that the Prince "had an instinctive respect for authority." On another day, when he asked how Prince Albert was pro-

gressing, he was told that he had been a "little shy at first" but that now he was "damned good company and especially adept at leap-frog."

In his book, *Planes and Personalities*, Captain A. Cunningham Reid relates two stories¹ which help us to see Prince Albert during the time he was serving in the north of France.

"In the winter . . . there were not so many ways of keeping fit, that is to say, as far as exercise was concerned. Moreover, the traditional Air Force pilot never exerted himself unless it was pleasant or essential! Many of us, I think, could have taken a wrinkle from Prince Albert when he was staying at Advanced H.Q., R.A.F., which was then situated on the outskirts of Cambrai in an exceptional château that had only had three shells through it.

"The weather at that time was very bitter, and the Prince had acquired the habit, an uncomfortable one as far as I was concerned, of getting up at 7 o'clock sharp, garbed only in a sweater, some running shorts, and going for a sprint over the frozen fields. Now, I liked coming down to breakfast and hearing all about it, but when he suggested that it would do me a world of good to come too, it took on a very different complexion. Anyhow, from the next day onwards every morning at 7 o'clock my breath froze and my feet smarted; but I must admit that for the rest of the day I felt as if I could push over

¹ Reprinted with the permission of the publishers, Messrs. Philip Allan & Co. See also pages 101 and 102.

a cart and horse at least. Strange to relate, though my more intimate friends will never believe me, I continued to take these early morning constitutinals even after the Prince had temporarily left us.

"It was at Spa, soon after Prince Albert had joined the R.A.F. H.Q. staff, that the memorable fight took place between all the H.Q. officers. We were divided up into two messes, and as there had been a heavy fall of snow one mess challenged the other to a snowball fight. Both sides turned out in force, and with blood-curdling cries the fight began. A subaltern, who had been waiting for just such an opportunity for months, hit General Ludlow Huit on the nose three times in quick succession, and the last missile being more ice than snow nearly laid him out.

"Prince Albert, in a flanking movement and at a range of about two feet, dislodged the hat of what appeared to be Lord Doune, the G.O.C.'s A.D.C., who retaliated at even closer range by neatly depositing a couple of the best down the Prince's back.

"Major Greig, equerry to Prince Albert, and Colonel Tyrrell, D.S.O., head of the R.A.F. Medical Corps both being international Rugby players, forgot themselves in the excitement of the battle and, as far as I could see through the *mêlée*, tackled each other 'low,' even though they were on the same side!"

During the time he was under Sir Hugh Trenchard at Nancy, Prince Albert became restless. He still wished to fly, but Sir Hugh answered, "I am responsible," and refused. So he turned to his

work with the Bombing Squadron, and afterwards he worked under Air Vice-Marshal Salmond at headquarters. Thus his experience grew, until the close of the War. Even then King George did not permit his son to come home, and he ordered that both the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert should remain with their services until general demobilisation was begun.

When one sums up the variety of work which fell to Prince Albert during these years, the total is surprising. He never moved about with the glamour which his older brother enjoyed. He went quietly from one scene to another, equipping his mind and strengthening his character upon experience. He did not know the disturbing influences of popularity, and until the day when King Albert of the Belgians rode into Brussels after his long exile, Prince Albert had never taken the stage for a great demonstration. On that day he rode beside the King and earned the solid compliment of an English officer near him who said afterwards that he "could not have done it better."

Prince Albert made this picturesque and gallant journey to Brussels by way of Paris. There he al-

lowed himself an interlude of fun. When the quiet dinner at the Embassy was over, he went to the Folies Bergères. Next day he began the journey to Brussels, by motor-car. He saw Lisle and Ypres; he passed over the desolate country and he saw the peasants who had suffered so much. He saw the prisoners released and on their way home, and he talked with them. He saw the German gun emplacements and the forlorn fields and the shattered houses. On November 21st he arrived in Brussels. The day before, British cavalry had ridden across the Plain of Waterloo, to join in the procession which supported King Albert as he rode into his capital, after four years of exile.

"It was very moving," wrote the correspondent of *The Times*, "to see our Lancers, with fluttering red and white pennons, passing along all the old historic roads by all the famous places. . . . On every road leading to the capital there flowed an endless stream of troops of the Allied Powers—Belgian, British, French, American—each arriving by their appointed routes. Along the roadsides was the litter of broken and abandoned German wagons and equipment. In the villages, at the cross-roads,

and in the fields were clusters of German guns left to be surrendered to the conquerors."

These scenes were new to Prince Albert, and they gave him a fuller conception of the War than he had known during the months at Scapa Flow and in the Air Force stations in England. The day of his journey into Brussels was grey and dreary, but the sun shone on the morning of November 22nd when King Albert, "amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm," rode into the city upon a white horse. On his left was the Queen and on his right was Prince Albert, wearing his Royal Air Force uniform. He had been nervous the day before, wondering if he rode well enough to withstand the long strain of the progress through the streets and the ceremony in the Place de la Nation. He acquitted himself well, and the Belgian journalists, who might have overlooked all else but their own people's delight, wrote of his manner, of his dignity and of his deference to the King.

In the evening Prince Albert walked about the streets of Brussels and next day he went farther on, seeing Bruges, the German aerodrome and the guns which had been used to shell Dunkirk. He saw Zee-

brugge and Ostend, and then he crossed to England once more, in a destroyer. For the first time he had taken his place as his father's representative in another country, and he had done it well.

LEARNING TO FLY

*"Oh long had we paltered
With bridle and girth,
Ere those horses were haltered
That gave us the earth—
Ere the Flame and the Fountain
The Spark and the Wheel,
Sank Ocean and Mountain
Alike 'neath our keel."*

KIPLING

Chapter V

LEARNING TO FLY

WHEN the War ended, Prince Albert had already completed his first year with the Royal Air Force. He was never to become an enthusiastic pilot, but he persisted in his wish to learn to fly.

King George had relented some months before, when the Prince was still serving at Spa. Captain Cunningham Reid has written:

"Whilst Prince Albert was attached to Advanced H.Q., R.A.F., at Spa, I often used to accompany him on long walks over the woody hills which surround that very picturesque hamlet. It was on one of these occasions that he told me he had come to the conclusion that if he were to continue to represent the R.A.F. he would like to be entitled to wear the wings, obtaining them in the ordinary way. We had a long talk about it, and I think it was then that he definitely decided to learn to fly.

"Soon after Prince Albert decided to start flying we went for another walk over the hills of Spa, and he, wishing to know all he could about practical flying, asked me if I were teaching somebody how would I go about it. We had a lengthy discussion about this, and I told him

that at the beginning of the War there were more airmen killed in England than on active service, this being accounted for by the fact that aviation was then in its infancy; but even up to the end of hostilities, at any period other than a big push, our casualties on active service were not so large as at our training centres at home.

"Soon after that, two 'Avro' machines were sent out from England for him to learn on. These machines took some time in arriving at their final destination, as they lost themselves in Germany on the way.

"No sooner had the two machines arrived at their destination than Prince Albert was recalled to England, so he did not commence learning to fly until he got back."

An officer¹ was chosen from the School of Special Flying at Gosport to instruct him, and early in March of 1919 he began the daily habit of driving down from Buckingham Palace to the old Waddon aerodrome, now engulfed in the great airport of Croydon. The officer who was to instruct him was young and eager, and the aircraft chosen was an Avro 504.J., one hundred horse-power monoplane. Prince Albert was still beset with more official care than he appreciated, and his instructor was obliged to test the aircraft every morning before the forty-five minutes of training began.

¹ Now Wing-Commander W. A. Coryton.

Wing-Commander Coryton looks back upon the months during which he taught Prince Albert to fly with pleasure and clear-cut recollections. "He had the rare quality which an instructor always dreams of instilling into his pupil. By instinct he was able to use eyes, hand and brain in unison." One of the chief difficulties for the young pilot is usually in landing, and in this Prince Albert was "amazingly quick." "He seemed to know where he had his aeroplane in relation to the ground without any trouble" and although he never showed unusual interest in the mechanics of aviation, he was pleased at every mark of his progress and usually busy with questions.

The pilots who met the Prince at Croydon thought him to be quiet and reserved in manner. He was like his father in his lack of superficial social gifts and he never tried to catch popularity for its own sake. His aloofness sometimes stirred a wrong impression among his contemporaries, but the older men saw behind his impatience with faults and insistence upon punctuality, a seriousness of purpose which impressed them. In later years we came to recognise this intensity as being the same

quality which King George V brought to bear on his work. It was crystallised into a sense of duty which is as strong in the son as it was in his father.

With patience and application, Prince Albert mastered the technique and knowledge of aviation, and within a little time a senior officer was sent to Croydon, from the Air Ministry, to test his flying. Care still governed the authorities and they insisted upon him taking off with his instructor. But, in Wing-Commander Coryton's words, he "never touched a thing" and he had his "hands on the struts" during the entire flight. The examination included the usual tests; landing on a mark from two thousand feet, without the engine, spinning both ways and looping, and figures of eight, with and without the engine. On the second day of his test, Prince Albert made his cross-country flight of eighty miles and, on returning, he landed perfectly. There was one picturesque interlude during this flight. He navigated the aeroplane towards Windsor Castle, at four thousand feet. Windsor holds the story of his family from the beginning. Edward the Confessor prayed in the forest near by and William the Conqueror built the first castle upon the hill,

in wood, almost a thousand years before. John groaned there after the victory of the barons at Runnymede, Charles I bathed in the river near by, when he was a boy, and was buried there. Queen Victoria went there as a child to shake hands with her "uncle King" and she was taken there when she died at the end of the century. Prince Albert could see the green dome of her mausoleum, rising from among the trees and rhododendrons at Frogmore, a mile or so below the castle. He might have remembered that she was the tangible link, in his memory, with all the weight of history which the castle held for him. It is romantic to realise that eighteen years afterwards, almost to the day, he was to walk up the hill to the castle, as King. It is barely possible that his mind played with either the past or the future as he descended to three thousand five hundred feet, to observe the outline of the castle, and then eased back the control, to climb up again and fly back towards Croydon.

No public man has ever had a greater talent for hiding his achievements than Prince Albert, and, going back over his story, it is surprising to find many incidents which never spread into public talk

or to the newspapers. His elder brother once evaded authority so far as to fly solo. With great secrecy and subterfuge, he flew one day at Northolt, and neither King George, the authorities or the public ever heard of it. Prince Albert was not so fortunate, but one day he terrified the officials by taking the Prince of Wales for a short flight, and the staff was obliged to wait upon the landing-ground, with the disturbing realisation that the two heirs to the throne were in the air at the same time.

Although Prince Albert worked with the Royal Air Force for some years, and although it is as a pilot, with his wings, that he so often appears for ceremonies, he has never withdrawn his love from the Navy. There his boyhood was spent and there his heart lies.

Through the later years, when public duties drew him away from his earlier interests, he clung to his sailor friends and, like his father, he was fond of reminiscence . . . talk with his cronies of Scapa Flow and letters to his friends who were serving in the Mediterranean or the East. Sometimes in London, when he returned to Buckingham Palace from a tiring duty, he would telephone a sailor friend and



ask him to come and talk with him. He was at his ease with them, in a way he never was with other people. In brief, sailors talked his language. Up to the time of his accession, Prince Albert made many efforts to keep these friendships alive. He never "dropped" people, however far the circumstances of his life took him afield. There are many officers in the Admiralty, or in retirement, with their gardens to dote on, as he has done, who speak of their present King in great affection. He was "a very good shipmate." One has written to the author, "Now don't make him seem like a prince dressed up as a sailor, because that would be wrong. Do you realise that he was a very courageous officer? And don't let people imagine that he ever used his name to make life easy for himself when he was in the Navy. Far from it. The opposite was true." One officer who has talked of the Prince revealed an astonishing fact, in conversation: that while he was with the Navy, Prince Albert seldom stammered. There was no nervousness or shyness, as there was on land until a few years ago, when he conquered his stammer. No fact reveals his happiness on the sea more than this.

The sight of a face he knew in the *Collingwood*

or at Dartmouth soon makes him hark back to the early years. One day at Wembley, Prince Albert went to see the spectacular production of the storming of Zeebrugge, staged by the Admiralty. He had been cheered by thousands of people and greeted by officials, and the occasion might have taxed his energies to the full. As he was walking out of the theatre, he saw a man standing on the stairs. Crowds and officials were forgotten. The world had to wait while he asked, "Hullo, what are you doing here? This *is* good luck." And then, "I must introduce you to my wife."

The devotion to the sea has not died. Other causes and duties have pressed it back, but they have not weakened it. When the Prince began on his journey about the world, soon after his marriage, he went on board the *Renown* in his ordinary clothes. Before anything else, with rather boyish eagerness, he asked that his uniform should be unpacked and he soon appeared on deck as an officer of the King's Navy. Fifteen years afterwards, when, as King, he had to leave his house in Piccadilly and go to Buckingham Palace, he carried with him the flag which the *Collingwood* had flown at Jutland.

CAMBRIDGE

"The world can doubtless never be well known by theory; practice is absolutely necessary, but surely it is of great use to a young man, before he sets out for that country, full of mazes, windings and turnings, to have at least a general map of it, made by some experienced travellers."

LORD CHESTERFIELD

Chapter VI

CAMBRIDGE

A NEW field of experience was opened for Prince Albert when he was sent to Cambridge, in the spring of 1919. He was in his twenty-fourth year, and he was more equipped with experience than the usual undergraduate beginning life in a university. He walked along the banks of the Cam and across the courts of Trinity with more confidence than most of the students of his year. Except for this advantage, and that he lived in a house instead of in rooms in college, every influence about him was planned to show him the broad stretches of ordinary human life rather than the unique and narrow way of princes. The time and character of Prince Albert's tuition at Cambridge are important to a full understanding of his growth during this last phase, before his marriage. His elder brother had been to Oxford before the war, when life was safe and easy. The Prince of Wales had been a happy

undergraduate, friendly in university society and never intimidated by the demands of scholarship. Gladstone had said of King Edward VII that he knew everything except what was in books. The President of Magdalen, Oxford, had pronounced a similar judgment on the Prince of Wales. "Bookish he will never be," he said. Prince Edward had embraced pleasures with grace and ease and he had been naturally identified with the gay and charming generation which matured before the summer of 1914, not heeding the alarms which August held for them.

Cambridge in 1919 was different from what it was before the war. Life in both universities was more serious and self-conscious. Prince Albert and the other undergraduates who were with him at Cambridge walked among the mellow old buildings with heavier tread, and tutors commented on the increased sense of responsibility and anxiety over the future which they found in their students. Prince Albert was such a man. He belonged to the generation which hid its anxiety behind quickened pleasures and restlessness, but his own sober habits of thought and natural diligence saved him from

being harassed by these influences. He turned naturally to study and duty. While his elder brother was abroad, captivating millions of people with his charm and prejudicing his future peace of mind through the cruel burden of duties with which the Government loaded him, Prince Albert was still allowed to grow in peace, to listen to quiet, informed voices rather than to disturbing applause, to make a few friends and to live as a modest bachelor, in a modest house, rather than in the dangerous lime-light of banquets, receptions, and pompous occasions. His was the advantage. While a short-sighted Government exacted the last advantage from a willing, tired Prince of Wales, pressing him on and on, across the world, Prince Albert went to and from his lectures on his bicycle, he mingled with the stream of undergraduates in Petty Cury, and he lounged in a punt with his books. He was seldom noticed and seldom reminded that he was other than a young man—and one of many young men—who were studying civics, commercial geography, and history. When he was seen smoking in the street, while wearing his academic dress, he was propped and fined, in the usual way. This was

when Mr. Winston Churchill visited the Union Society. Prince Albert was walking and smoking with a number of friends. He was pulled up, told to put out his cigarette and asked to "Come with me, sir, to the Proctor." The Prince said afterwards that it was "the most expensive" cigarette he had ever smoked. "It was valued at 6s. 8d. by the authorities, by whom, with their high sense of duty but lack of sympathy, I was duly relieved of that sum."

These experiences marked the decision of his father and the rigidity of the University rules. He learned the value of laws by keeping them.

He brought an average mind to bear on average tasks, and the profit from this was that he was able to develop within himself, to grow in character rather than personality, free from the extravagant influences which beset his brother at every turn. The accurate, steady game of tennis which he played was a revelation of his character.

King George's plans for the education of his sons are surprising when one recalls that he was a conventional man, and heir to Queen Victoria's ideas about obedience, parental authority, and duty. He had relaxed discipline and ignored tradition when

Prince Edward went to Oxford. He was similarly lenient in allowing Prince Albert to live as an ordinary undergraduate at Cambridge. This was a marked change from the rules which were framed for Prince Albert's grandfather, when he was a student. One recalls the Prince Consort's anxious care that Prince Edward should not smoke nor read novels, even by Sir Walter Scott, except as "an indulgence," and Queen Victoria's injunction that he should "never wear anything *extravagant or slang*" or mix with "*foolish and worthless* persons." Once, when Edward VII escaped from his Governor, at Cambridge, Buckingham Palace was telegraphed before he could reach London, and when he arrived at Liverpool Street Station, a royal carriage was waiting for him, to turn his escapade into a dutiful visit to his parents. King George V was a stern father, but he did not pursue his sons with correction and rules to this extent. With Prince Henry as his companion, Prince Albert was allowed moderate freedom at Cambridge and, in the modest house and garden chosen for him, he continued to live without fuss or public attention.

The house in which the princes lived was set in

a liberal acreage of garden and lawns. It was more spacious than the cottage at Rauceby, but the domestic plan was simple, and Prince Albert continued to mark the tennis lawn, change his own pen nibs, and tinker with his motor bicycle. When more hot water was needed at tea, it was not unusual for the servants to see the kitchen door open and the Prince's arm appear with the jug. "Could I have some hot water, please?" He was not brought up to ring bells or look upon service as the natural prerogative of his station.

When Prince Albert married and made his home in Windsor Park, he became an enthusiastic gardener. The taste had begun when he was a child. It had been fostered when he was at Cranwell and at Cambridge. Once more, the gardener became his friend. The first morning found them together. "I was cleaning the aviary at the time," the gardener has said. "The Prince came up to me and asked me some questions. I answered and called him 'Your Royal Highness,' and he said, 'You can call me that once a day and no more. I am sick of it.'" Thus they began their gardening together. There was a welcome link between them, for the gardener, a

quiet, conservative servant of the old school, had once worked in the park at Windsor. He had seen Queen Victoria, driving down to Frogmore in her pony chaise, and he could remember a day when she called him over to talk with her. The mutual knowledge of Windsor, of the rhododendron groves about Frogmore, where Prince Albert had played as a boy, and the broad Thames which ran at the foot of the wooded slopes, gave them much to talk about. They tended the bees together. When Queen Mary came to see her son, he inveigled her to the beehives the moment her inspection of the house was over, to introduce her to the mysteries of bee-keeping. The servants were delighted and surprised on this day of the Queen's visit when she stepped into the hall and said, first of all, "Fish for luncheon, I can smell it." Delighted also when she inspected every corner, opened every cupboard and pronounced the house to be "very clean."

The Prince's sitting-room looked over the tennis court, towards a paddock where the rabbit hutches were placed among the long grass. He sat by the window during the warm summer afternoons, poring over his books. He gained many advantages

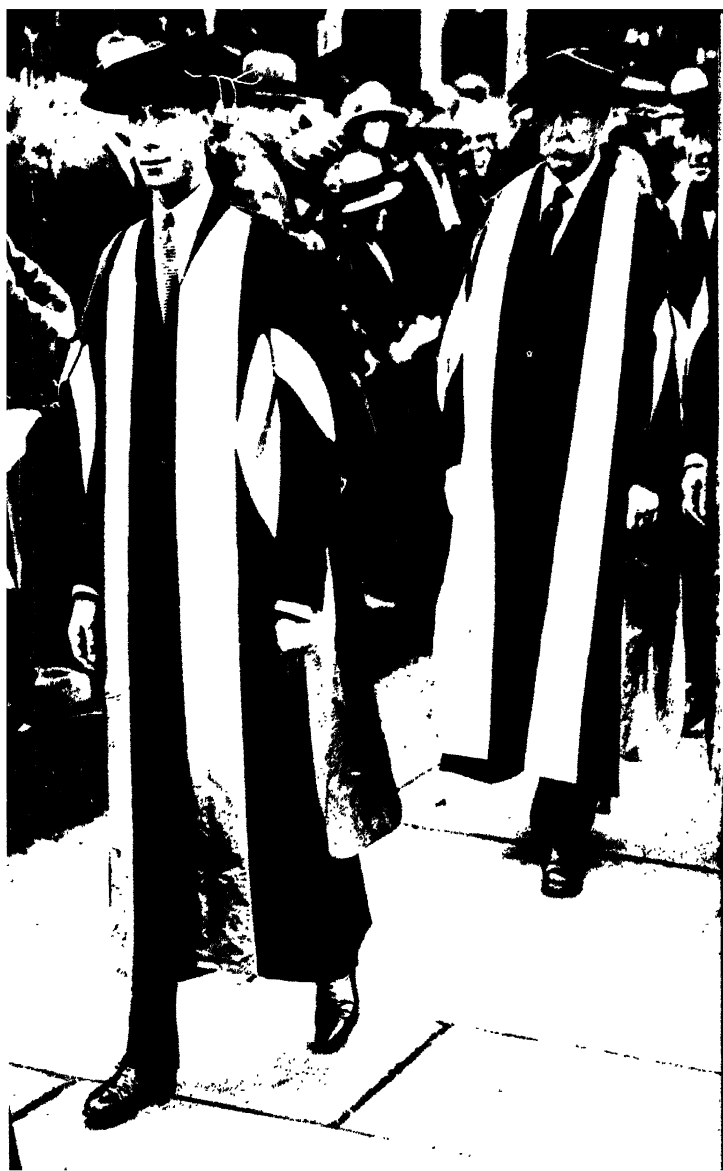
from being a late-comer to the University. He was self-confident enough to build up his own tastes and to form his own library. The books on the shelves in his room were mostly of his own choosing. The trend of his mind was mainly practical, but as his appetite for books increased, he turned naturally to history. If other interests had not called for so much of his time, his inquiring mind might have led him deeper into historical research, for he soon showed the curiosity and diligence of the antiquarian. The speed at which he lived naturally curbed this curiosity, but when he went to live at Windsor, after his marriage, he gathered the history of the Royal Lodge together, from scattered sources, and showed that the training of Cambridge had not been forgotten. The chief object in sending Prince Albert to Cambridge was to educate him in civics. The tutors found no need to force him into an interest in civic life and history, and when Prince Albert came down in June of 1920, he was a wiser man. His last speech was after a dinner at Emmanuel. "I am very sorry to think that this is nearly my last evening as an undergraduate at Cambridge. I know that I have enjoyed my time, and I hope and feel that I have

benefited from the liberal education that I have received at Cambridge." He took the opportunity of thanking everyone, including "the somewhat persuasive bulldog" who had taken the fine from him for smoking, "in the most charming manner."

Prince Albert always identified himself with his surroundings. He did not pass on quickly and forget. His naturally domestic tastes and his seriousness caused him to build up associations with each place, and these did not weaken when he was pressed into fresh environment. He went back to Cambridge again and again in the years that followed. No graduate was ever more loyal to his university. He went to the centenary celebrations of the Union in 1921, and said that he was "proud to be a Cambridge man." He was especially pleased because, on this occasion, he could scorn the Proctors and smoke as many cigarettes as he wished. "I am very relieved that I shall be able to walk out of this place after the debate, down the very dark lane which leads from the quiet repose of this dignified building to the noise and din of the outer world, without any anxiety lest I may be pounced upon."

In July of 1922 Prince Albert went to Cambridge

once more, to accept the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. There was a note of affection in the speeches which greeted him, more so than an ordinary formal occasion might inspire. The Public Orator spoke of the wider life into which the Prince had then entered. "We hope that in Cambridge at least he feels free from toil and anxiety and is here with pleasure and freedom of mind. In the hope that he may revisit us and play a larger part in University life, that he may feel himself more than ever a Cambridge man, we have sought that he, too, may be created Doctor." The Prince talked of his "old University town," and he found time to see some of the quiet places among which he had wandered in 1919. There was no doubt that a little of his heart lay beside the Cam. The record of his association with the University was made complete in July of 1922, when he went there with his wife. The story of his domestic bent was then fulfilled and he walked over the old scenes, just as Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had walked, seventy-five years before. The Prince Albert of 1922 might have allowed his thoughts to play upon the memory of his namesake and great-grandfather. They had much



in common. He was not so stiff, not so didactic and scholarly as the Prince Consort, but they shared the same single-minded allegiance to duty, the same kind of conscience over the needs of humanity.

In February of 1847 the Prince Consort had been elected Chancellor of Cambridge University and Queen Victoria had travelled with him for the ceremonies. Wordsworth, then seventy-seven years old, had promised to "retouch a harp" which had "for some time been laid aside," to add to the beauty of the celebration. When the ceremony was over, Madame Bunsen saw Queen Victoria smile at her husband with the confidence and devotion which had become so strong and secure.

The scene was much the same in 1922, when the younger Prince Albert went there with his bride. The smile, the confidence, and the devotion were the same. In 1847 Queen Victoria wrote in her diary of the evening when they walked together, away from the fuss and the noise. Prince Albert had thrown a mackintosh over his dress coat and Queen Victoria had joined him, still wearing her evening dress and diadem, with a veil over her head. She remarked on their "curious costumes." "All was so

pretty and picturesque," she added. "Nothing seemed wanting, but some singing, which everywhere but here in this country we should have heard. A lattice opened, and we could fancy a lady appearing, and listening to a serenade."

Seventy-five years had passed, but Cambridge had not changed, nor had the Prince changed. Again, he might have written, "I wish you could be here and see in us, a couple joined in love and unanimity. . . . Become as happy as we are, more I cannot wish for you."

Twice during his terms at Cambridge, Prince Albert travelled to London for great occasions, once to welcome the Shah of Persia and later to receive the President of the French Republic. It is to be remembered that he had seldom driven through the streets of London in state. His brief appearance with the King of the Belgians had introduced him to Brussels, but English people had not seen much of him. On November 1st, 1919, he began a new and important phase of his life. He had earned his father's trust, and as old ceremonies were revived, with the close of the War, King George began to arrange for his second son to represent him on vari-

ous occasions. The first was when the Shah arrived at Dover.

The Prince of Wales had spent many months of 1919 in Canada and the United States of America. He had begun the tremendous journeys and he had begun the story of his great popularity. He had travelled ten thousand miles across Canada, he had visited fifty towns and he had made hundreds of speeches. He had spent his youthful simplicity and freshness upon the crowded streets of New York and he had given, generously, the last ounce of his nervous energy to do what he was bidden. The journalists were already writing of his nervousness and tiredness, but the authorities had not relaxed the tax which they put upon him. He was still in America when the Shah of Persia arrived in England, so King George had called upon his second son to travel down to Dover to welcome His Imperial Majesty, the Shah, in England's name. Now came full responsibility. Lord Bradford, Sir William Birdwood, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Erskine and other officials accompanied the Prince to Dover, but the onus of hospitality rested upon Prince Albert. It was his personal welcome which sounded the first

note in the Shah's impressions. They travelled to London and King George met his visitor on Victoria Station, with a great company of princes, statesmen, soldiers, and officials. During the days that followed, Prince Albert seldom left the Shah's side. He drove with him, he explained everything to him, he showed him over Windsor Castle, and he accompanied him when he went to Queen Victoria's mausoleum, to place a wreath on her tomb. The columns of *The Times* for these early days of November give some idea of how many fresh duties fell to the Prince. He had never lived through such a crowded and responsible programme before. He sat next to the Shah at the ballet, he kept up an animated conversation with him, in French, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, he told him the history of Windsor as they drove down into the Thames Valley, and he accompanied the Shah to the Persian Embassy when he received a deputation from the Parsees. Everybody was delighted by Prince Albert's manner . . . the Shah especially. Again and again he referred to the Prince's thoughtfulness and his charm.

Prince Albert went to Dover once more, on No-

vember 11th, to welcome M. Poincaré and Mme Poincaré. So far, this was the greatest task entrusted to him by his father. M. Poincaré came on a melancholy day, when "the seaport town stood grey and sombre on the edge of a frigid and ruffled sea." Prince Albert had received his father's guest, in a bitter wind. He steered him through a mayoral reception, many introductions, the train journey to London, and to the reception by the King and Queen on Victoria Station. There were banquets and luncheons. Prince Albert guided the President and Mme Poincaré through all. It was in this busy year that King George gave public recognition to his son by creating him Duke of York. News of the honour reached Prince Albert while he was still at Cambridge. He smiled and then he remarked that there were no white roses in the house. The founder of the Industrial Welfare Society overheard the facetious complaint and next time His Royal Highness went to a meeting of the Society in London, he was not forgotten: there was a great bowl of the white roses of York on the table.

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INDUSTRIAL WELFARE

"To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good."

ADDISON

Chapter VII

INDUSTRIAL WELFARE

THE greatest personal service which King George VI gave to the country up to the time of his accession was through the Industrial Welfare Society. Only those who live within the busy world of industry know the value of his leadership, and, more than this, the imagination and goodness of heart with which it has been endowed. It was strange in 1917 to realise that there was no personal link between the great areas of manufacture and any member of the Royal Family. In the four years before the War not more than twenty factories had been visited by the King or his sons. The Sovereign and members of the Royal Family were benevolent and they gave their names to the defensive services, civic ceremonies and charities, but, in this country of manufacturers and traders, the very source of our livelihood lacked royal encouragement. In a time when a demand for leisure and new ideas of free-

dom were shaking the old order, and when our social system had suffered the acid tests of the years of the War, the relationship between great employers and their working men became more important to the contentment of this country than the relationship between England and the countries of Europe. Bred in the Victorian tradition, politicians had talked too much and too long of the eccentricities of French policy and the heavy ambitions of Prussia; and too little of the domestic needs within their own land. The War was a corrective for this. Men who had been of individual value as soldiers in France had to be of equal importance when they took off their khaki and put on their overalls again. "Charity" had been exposed as a rather humiliating way of dealing with human misfortune and the needs of the workers. Thoughtful, conscientious men realised, as we returned to our ploughshares and lathes, that the mass of people had to be helped towards personal freedom and dignity of thought and not with mites given grudgingly from the rich man's purse.

Up to 1918, employers and employees were divided into two camps, and each one strengthened

itself against the other, with associations and unions. The organisation of these protective groups only fostered suspicion, on both sides. Armed with rules, they struggled against each other and made little effort at conciliation.

There were a few men who had gathered deep knowledge during the War by working in touch with armament factories, and they knew that England's strength lay in the hope of a contented working class. To use the present King's own words, spoken spontaneously one day, the country which was to be richest in this century was the one which "nourished the greatest number of happy people." Slowly the Industrial Welfare Society was planned. Charity, patronage and sentimentality were to be shunned in this enterprise. It was to be a step towards that greater socialism which is based upon integrity and dignity rather than upon wild ideas hatched in the minds of disgruntled fanatics. The ideal was not new, but sincere pursuit of it was an innovation. Men who had worked in Government departments closely in touch with industry began to talk of the great organised campaign which would turn big employers away from a narrow,

greedy policy, and help them to appreciate those who worked for them, not merely for their competence and their physical strength. It was fortunate that the ideal was strong in one man who was capable of forcing it into action. The Rev. Robert Hyde had worked for fifteen years among the people of Hoxton. He brought this experience into the Ministry of Munitions in 1916, when he was asked to join the staff and deal with the health and welfare of workers in munition factories. Mr. Hyde was perhaps better equipped than any man in England to organise the leisure of working men and boys, and when he used his long experience at Hoxton to solve the problems of the munition workers, there were immediate results. A great opportunity had come to him. Under the common anxiety of the War, human nature was more pliable. As Dr. Addison wisely prophesied, as much good could be done in three years under war conditions as might have been accomplished in forty years of peace.

The work might have remained within the horizon of the munition factories if Robert Hyde had not been a man of unique qualities of both mind and character. His field within the Ministry was too

small, and he was too fierce an individualist to adapt himself to the tempo of bureaucracy. Fifteen years in Hoxton and two years in the Ministry of Munitions had convinced him that the hour had come for bringing employers and working men together, and he evolved the more spacious scheme of the Industrial Welfare Society. His society was to depend for its success on the "human element in industry." It was to encourage firms to make voluntary efforts to keep their employees safe, healthy and contented and not to depend upon legislation. It was to break down suspicion and, for the first time, bring employers together, not to guard themselves against the radical ideas of their workers, but to pool their experience and, if possible, create a kind of unofficial Ministry of Industry which would lift the standard of life and thought in all the vast manufacturing factories of Great Britain. Robert Hyde had a rare gift for interpreting his own ideas and making them practical. His scheme was tremendous, but it lacked a sponsor who was free of personal interest. It needed, as he realised, the inspiration of a member of the Royal Family. Mr. Hyde made representations to King George V. A pleasing truth about

Buckingham Palace is that it is quicker to accept innovations and to put them into practice than most Government departments or great commercial houses. It is one of the least pompous institutions in the country. The wide mass of people would be amazed if they could see the almost alarming efficiency of the royal machine. The plan was placed before King George V. Industry had no leader in the Royal Family, yet he ruled an industrial country. The idea appealed to the King immediately and he chose his second son for the enterprise. Prince Albert was then twenty-four years old, and he was hovering between the period of his war service and his term at Cambridge. The idea was handed on to him, and his reply must be remembered, all through this chapter, as a key to the mind which he gave to his work from the first moment. He answered, after rising from his chair and walking towards a window in Buckingham Palace: "I will do it, but I don't want any of that damned red carpet."

The story of the Industrial Duke began. One of his first voluntary preparations for his new work was to include Economics in his lectures at Cambridge. His method, in these early days, showed sur-

prising strength of mind. While he was still at Cambridge, obedient to his tutors and respectful to his seniors, he was nevertheless forming his habits, in his own quiet manner. Early in life he realised that the way to authority is to exercise one's will as seldom as possible, but so strongly that there can be no mistake about one's determination.

The first duty for Prince Albert, if he was to understand the industrial life of Great Britain, was to visit the factories scattered all over the country. There is a map in Buckingham Palace which shows the extent of this valuable service. It is an amazing map, and it was duplicated in the office of every member of the Royal Family. It showed what each one of them achieved in public service. It was kept with as much care as the chart over a patient's bed. It showed, with lines and coloured flags, exactly where and when every member of the Royal Family appeared in public. The records still exist to show that almost three thousand public engagements were kept by the King, Queen Mary, and the Princes during ten years. Of these, 800 engagements are credited to the Duke and Duchess of York. Every Christmas a separate, comprehensive chart was pre-

pared for the King, and it always reached him at Sandringham, so that he could review the year as a company director might review his balance sheet. As each of his sons reached an age when he could play his part in public, his name was added to the chart and his activities recorded. From the day of Prince Albert's first public duty, his name appears. The record is convincing. One ponders over the story of the last fifteen years and wonders why it was that Prince Albert's life was so successfully shadowed by his elders. Journalists were naturally dazzled by the popular gifts of his elder brother and they very often allowed Prince Albert to pass unnoticed. The Prince of Wales was headline news; his brother was a paragraph in the *Court Circular*. But the great work was going on; the building of experience and the day to day study of life. The alert, searching mind was garnering its harvest. The first thoughtful stipulation about the red carpet was not forgotten. Usually, to avoid fuss, Prince Albert would send a message to the manager of a factory in the morning and say that he wished to come on that or the following day. The artisans were not to be told; he insisted on that. Sometimes the manager

could not resist the temptation and "arrangements would be made." At an early age Prince Albert realised the pernicious influence of humbugs, and he never treated them with false politeness. He could be ruthless with snobs, and an engaging streak of naughtiness in him often induced him to expose them. Queen Victoria used to say that she disliked a "Sunday face." Her great-grandson was also intolerant of sham piety and pomposity. No incident reveals the play of ideas which he suffered on some occasions more than the story of his visit to a certain town, where he was to be received by the Mayor. The royal car stopped at the foot of a high and imposing flight of steps. At the top was the Mayor, and, on either side, several thousand people. The Prince descended from the car and looked up the flight of steps, towards the Mayor. He whispered to his companion: "Let us pause and make *him* come down." They hovered long enough to cause the Mayor to wonder; long enough to force him to make the first move. When the Prince saw His Worship preparing to descend, he said, "Enough—let us go up now."

The only criticism of the work of the Industrial

Welfare Society which grew up under Prince Albert's encouragement has been that it is a skilful way of bolstering up and prolonging the capitalist system. Whether this is an adverse criticism or a tribute does not matter here. But there seems to be a rich answer to those who doubt the wisdom of the Society's work, in the simple record of events. Before the War there were not more than fifty great firms in England in which there was any organised effort to explain and reconcile employers and working men to each other. They mostly blundered on, hugging old prejudices which were largely born of ignorance. These prejudices had always annoyed and alarmed the Royal Family. Princes are fortunate in that they belong to no class, and from Queen Victoria's early days, members of her family have been quite fearless in denouncing the laziness of the rich and the tyranny of selfish employers. It is surprising to turn to newspapers as far back as 1849 and find the Prince Consort saying that England's principal evil was "the unequal division of property and the dangers of poverty and envy arising therefrom." When the industrial revolution was breeding its new class of millionaires, Queen Vic-

toria wrote to Lord Beaconsfield of her alarm over the "low tone" of the country, and deploring the English zest for growing rich.

King Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales, said that "class could no longer stand apart from class." All through the story of the Royal Family for the past hundred years one finds this sign of true leadership, a capacity to stand apart from class divisions and to pronounce disinterested judgments upon them. There is no need to quote heart-rending stories of patronage to prove this. Socialist members of Parliament, when they have come into power, have soon realised where the true fount of sympathy with them lies. It is not strange, therefore, to find that in turn the Duke of York gave his mind as well as his sympathy to the cause of the Industrial Welfare Society. Its purposes were simple. It set out, in brief, to explain the employers and the employees to each other. The experience gathered by the Duke of York during seventeen years must have been a great influence on the moulding of his ideas. He saw the Society grow. He enjoyed the friendship of a man of noble purpose who guided him, year after year, into full comprehension of the

"human element in industry." The Society gradually built up a great store of information. More and more important employers joined, and its influence spread to foreign countries. Japanese and Hungarian, German and French employers sought its help. It established contacts with hospitals so that employees could have the best attention; it used the knowledge of the British Medical Association to encourage physical training in industry, it dealt with the welfare of lorry drivers, the building of canteens, income-tax deductions, pension schemes, accident prevention, noise in boiler shops, long service awards, summer camps, first-aid, fatigue on night shift, thrift funds, and the designing of cloak-rooms. It became what it set out to be, an unofficial Ministry of Industry. Mr. Hyde has still another talent. He can make people work. They are drawn by his own spontaneity and they find themselves equally enthusiastic. This is what happened to Prince Albert. As he toured the industrial areas, he became vitally interested in the best designs for cloak-rooms, the quality of food, lighting, public health and pensions. Names, dates and dimensions were stored up in his memory, and it can be said,

with calm truth, that, after ten years of work with Robert Hyde, he became one of the greatest authorities on industry in the country. With the present King's encouragement, the Society has drawn a thousand managements towards their employees, not in sentimental excitement but in mutual respect.

Of all the stories told of the Duke's visits to factories, none is more revealing than that of the day when, after passing along the gangways of a factory, he paused beside a girl whose dreary duty it was to watch millions of tobacco leaves passing her on a belt. Her job was to pick out foreign bodies. The Duke stood beside her for a moment and then, as she looked up from her work, he said: "Aren't you thrilled when you find something?" The girl glowed as she answered: "Once I found a shilling."

During the first five years the Duke of York visited one hundred and fifty manufactories. In all these visits he showed keen interest in the processes of manufacture. He also revealed the growth of the celebrated royal memory. One day he lunched with the chairman of Lloyd's, and afterwards he was shown the register of the ships of the world, with

their tonnage, ports of registration, and the names of their captains. Prince Albert was asked to test the completeness of the record, and he turned to the reference to a ship which he had inspected in New Zealand. "But the captain's name is wrongly spelt," he said. He was afterwards proved to be right.

The record of the effect of the Duke's interest in industry is available for all to read. Its richest harvest has been through the growing influence of the Duke of York's Camp, now copied in many parts of the world. This is a story in itself, and it must wait for its own chapter. The Society remains essentially practical, and its influence has gone far beyond the increase of health and comforts among its own members. The Miners' Welfare Fund, which has revolutionised social conditions in the mining areas, is based on the early work of the Society, and the Duke of York was aware of every step made in its organisation. The vision of the Society was proved when the Factories Act of 1937 was passed. This tremendous piece of legislation, which will strengthen the industrial life of the country, upon a high plane of mutual understanding,

makes law of the principles which have been spread by the Welfare Society since 1918. It will cause few changes in the works of the members of the Society, for they have been complying with the provisions of the Act for many years, without the force of law behind them.

During the seventeen years of his association with the Society, attending its meetings, helping to frame its plans, the Duke of York earned his title of the Industrial Prince. One of the most engaging tributes to his work came from his father. King George V was never a doting parent. He never saw merits in his sons without being certain that they were there, and his praise was rare and always earned. Once when there was a clash between rival forces in industry a trade union leader suggested that King George might intervene. "That's the Duke of York's job," the King answered.

There has never been any doubt as to the strength of the influence which the King carried into industry. What is equally important is that one should consider also the effect of these varied contacts on himself. The gracious compliment which he paid to industry at the time of his coronation is well

known. He invited a number of employees from different parts of the country to watch the ceremony from the Abbey. Their presence in the midst of that dazzling scene was justified not only because they were representatives of a wide class of the King's subjects; they came also in recognition of an aspect of his own knowledge and character which grew out of his experiences. He learned much of human nature during the many years of Industrial Welfare work. He had met hundreds of men who would not normally come within a prince's orbit. Each of them taught him something. His first visit, when he was an undergraduate, was to Messrs. McVitie and Price's biscuit factory in North London. The choice was fortunate, for it meant that the first great industrialist he met was Sir Alexander Grant. "Who is that old man with the fine face and the white hair?" the Duke asked, when he arrived. His eye had hit on one of the patriarchs of industry, a man of character and noble intentions, who was his first tutor in the new world. People who sat near the Duke and Sir Alexander at tea were a little surprised at the tone of their talk. The earnest Scotsman, who had for so long been aware

of the need for royal encouragement to industry, lost himself in his own earnestness, and gave the Duke a short, frank lecture on his duties. His sincerity gave grace to his talk and, instead of alarming the Duke, he drew him into a friendship which ended only when Sir Alexander died, a few days after he had sat in Westminster Abbey to see Prince Albert crowned as King. One of the King's great qualities is his willingness to listen to advice. When he came to the throne, he explained the appointment of one of his advisers thus: "He can teach me more than anyone else." Even when he was young he shunned sycophants, and gathered about him people who could teach him. This has been his reward for years of hard work. His sincerity, which never deteriorates into dull worthiness, has helped him to gain as well as give in the work that he has done.

He was equally at home with men of varying shades of opinion and not in the least abashed by extremes of Socialism. Once when he went to Wales, he was met by Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation. Mr. Hodges felt that his opinions should be demonstrated on this great oc-

casian, so he met the Prince wearing a red tie and a red carnation. They travelled in the train together, and as they passed a miner's cottage, the Prince saw a flaming red petticoat on a clothesline. He nodded towards Mr. Hodges' tie and then towards the petticoat. "One of your supporters, Mr. Hodges?" he said.

When he was still at Cambridge, Prince Albert heard from the Director of the Industrial Welfare Society that a number of Welsh miners were coming to London in search of information about the development of welfare work in their village. He planned to "drop in" while they were in the office, and the effect of his informal talk with them was carried back to Wales. It thrived, and it proved itself one day when he was visiting a mine. He emerged at the pit-head, and the band began to play: "God save the King," as arranged. When the miners saw him, covered with coal dust, they sang against the band so that it was drowned, and their song was not "God save the King," but "For he's a jolly good fellow."

QUEEN ELIZABETH

*"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments."*

SHAKESPEARE

Chapter VIII

QUEEN ELIZABETH

ONE reason why the English Royal Family has remained strong, while others have fallen, lies in the domestic policy which began with Queen Victoria. The Courts of Europe continued to hope that alliance with foreign countries could be made through the marriages of their children. The terrible policy which sent Marie Antoinette to Paris in 1770, when she was not yet fifteen years old, persisted in Europe until the beginning of this century, and monarchs seldom allowed the gentle voice of family love to interfere with the fate of their children. They married them off for their countries' sake. Queen Victoria's own marriage depended upon personal happiness. It involved no alliances which disturbed the interests of any country. We have seen that when her eldest daughter was married to Prince Frederick, she already suspected the advantages of merely glorious marriages

with ruling families, and she insisted upon the details of her daughter's domestic happiness, seldom even referring to the union from a State point of view. When the engagement of her second youngest daughter to the Marquess of Lorne was announced, she wrote to the Empress Augusta, in Germany, "Such a marriage must cause excitement and astonishment in Germany." She added that she had been convinced "of the suitableness of a union of this kind long ago." Illustrious alliances were "good and desirable for several members of the family," although she placed "only small political importance on them." They could no longer influence the Government of a country and "they therefore became more a source of sorrows and difficulties for the Royal Family." Queen Victoria added a sentence which reveals the way of her thoughts. She asked the Empress to realise that it was "well possible that one turns to such people in one's own country who have independent means and are inferior in rank to no little German prince."

From this time, marriages based upon personal choice and with domestic happiness in view became the habit of the Royal Family. The ties with Europe



consequently became weaker and the merit of this course was proved when the Great War came; when there were no divisions of family loyalty forced upon King George or his children. As one reads back over the correspondence of the Royal Family during the past fifty years, this theme grows upon one. Almost every time that a betrothal was planned, the sovereign wrote urging that personal happiness was more important than possible State interests. Queen Victoria's growing resentment of the Prussian spirit was another element in deciding marriages among her children. She had "pitched into" her eldest daughter for falling too easily into the ways of her adopted country. The prejudice stayed, and when Prince Arthur said that he wished to marry Princess Louise of Prussia, she could "not help saying" that she disliked the Prussians. But the Queen swept this objection aside, because her son "looked so sad and earnest, yet so dear and gentle" when he said that he loved the Princess. She said that she "could not object." In 1897 Queen Victoria lived in a new world. The princes among whom she had been brought up, and many of the sovereigns whom she had known, had died. She

brought the will and the grace of an old age to the fringe of a new century. The belief in domestic security persisted and as she watched her children and her grandchildren growing towards maturity, it was of their peace in marriage, not their grandness, that she wrote. We have already appreciated her comment on Queen Mary as the "excellent, useful and good wife" of her grandson.

The theme was the theme of English life. It was the standard of a middle-class country which depended upon domesticity and the home for its strength. English artists have usually painted family portraits and English novelists have usually described family life. The English are not a grand people, nor a discontented people. They dislike change and fuss, and it is one of the secrets of their strength that when their day's work is done, they do not go into public places and become excited over plans to change the State. They like to go home, put on their slippers and toast their toes before their fires. In varying proportions this is still true of the greater number of houses in England. We become alarmed over divorce and imagine that the foundations of married life are shaky from careless habits

in morality and short-lived marriages. But these alarms depend upon false evidence. One divorced couple will occupy pages of the newspapers, but the attendant ninety-nine happy married couples have no space in print. Newspapers thrive on the unfortunate law that a man who murders his mother-in-law is more important than the million men who restrain themselves from the fierce act. In the same way, they thrive on the exceptional examples in marriage. English people still believe in the strength of good marriages. After the fevers had passed in the winter of 1936, it was the ultimate basis of their reactions to the abdication of Edward VIII. When we cast all scaremongering and excitement aside, we find the truth persisting still. We are a domesticated people and when we pass Buckingham Palace we are happy and we feel safe when we know that within there is a married couple joined together in unanimity and peace. England does not ask for a scholarly king or a witty king, or one who lives in glamour. It asks that its sovereign should be an example in domestic integrity and nobleness of motive. It would always be quick to reject a monarch who violated these principles,

as history has shown. Monarchs no longer rule with swords and selfish laws; they hold our devotion through the example they give us. They are educated and trained towards that example, as part of their princely career, and the mightiest contribution to their success is that they should conform to the domestic ideal which grew in Queen Victoria's mind, through experience. The remarkable reactions of the British people to the changes of December 1936 show that the ideal is as strong as ever. It was the ideal which drew the present King into marriage three years after he came down from Cambridge. It is neither sentimentality nor forced emotion which makes us feel satisfied because the tried order of domesticity survives in our King and Queen. Nor is it an exaggeration to link the romance which began at Glamis Castle sixteen or more years ago, with the satisfying peace which came over the land when the Duke of York was crowned King in 1937.

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth can claim a common ancestor in Robert II of Scotland, who emerges as a picturesque figure from the history books. Robert II was fifty-five when he came to the

throne in 1370, and Tytler tells us that at that age the military and ambitious spirit was dead in him. His nature had softened down to pacific and quiet habits. An early chronicler described Robert II as "beautiful beyond the sons of men, stalwart and tall, accessible to all, modest, liberal, cheerful and honest." It is pleasant to build up the picture of this early king whose blood flowed down into the Royal Family of England and into the family of the Lyons of Glamis, through Robert's daughter, Lady Jean Stewart. She married Sir John de Lyon, son of the John de Lyon who was said to be from Angers, in France.

Robert II added a gay reputation to his merits of character and we are told that he had such "a multitude" of children of both sexes when he was young that he had to obtain special dispensation from the Pope before he could marry. He is an engaging ancestor to claim, with qualities of good nature which wholly excuse his casualness. It was his youngest daughter, Jean, who married Sir John de Lyon. Before the time of their union, the story of the Lyon family is not set down with certainty, but from early in the fourteenth century, the history

of the gifted, virile line of the Thanes of Glamis is clear and sometimes exciting. It was Robert II who gave his son-in-law the title of Thane, which embraced the honours and responsibilities of a Governor.

The link with Robert II is celebrated in the royal supporters of the Lyons arms which are the right of the family apart from Queen Elizabeth's marriage into the English Royal Family in 1923. The story of the family reveals sturdy character rather than illustrious achievement. There are a few dramatic incidents in the tale. Patrick Lyon was a hostage in England from 1424 to 1427, and Lady Janet Douglas, who married the sixth Lord Glamis, was charged in 1537 with "conspiring the King's death by poison." The charge was afterwards proved to be a wicked invention, but too late to save her from being condemned and burned at the stake on Castle Hill. These are the bold high lights in the family story. Generation after generation, they assumed their responsibilities conscientiously, sometimes achieving offices such as Chancellor of Scotland and Lord High Treasurer, more often performing the duties of laird: setting an example to Scottish life

in patriarchal government of their tenants, allegiance to their sovereigns, and devotion to the noblest aims of feudal landlords.

To comprehend the growth of Queen Elizabeth's character, one must first understand the difference between Scottish and English life. Since Scotland became fashionable as a place for summer holidays, the difference between the two countries has become less defined. But a Scottish country house, with its surrounding estate, still stands for a kind of tribal ideal which the Englishman does not naturally appreciate. Laird, crofters, servants and gillies live together as members of a family rather than as employer and employed, and if there is tyranny at all, it is on the part of the old servants themselves. There is a story told on the shore of the Moray Firth, of a gardener whose family had served the laird for six generations. He always kept the key of the glasshouse in his pocket, and whenever his master wished to see his own flowers, he had to ask for it. This request was made so often one day that the gardener protested, and said that "the next thing" would be that "His Lordship will be asking for a key for himself."

To appreciate the setting of Queen Elizabeth's childhood and the small Scottish world in which her character grew, one must picture the lofty stone turrets of Glamis Castle, set back twelve miles from the sea. Upon the coast is the once prosperous port of Arbroath, low beside the waters of the North Sea. Twelve miles beyond is the Inchcape Rock upon which Ralph the Rover perished, and upon which Sir Walter Scott landed from a cockleshell of a boat in 1814.

There are few more entrancing and imposing sights in Scotland than the first view of Glamis from the drive, three-quarters of a mile distant, and set in a grassy plain, with the Grampian Mountains for its background. There are wooded hills upon the right, and on the left the River Dean flows slowly. The castle is built of warm-coloured stone and its chief tower rises seven stories above the gravel approach; the gravel which so angered Sir Walter Scott when he went there. He disliked the "mean and paltry gravel path up to the very door which, deluded by the name, one might have imagined Lady Macbeth . . . issuing forth to receive King Duncan." Thirty years before, he had

written under the spell of his first impression of Glamis:

"The heavy pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity—not indeed the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates itself, but Malcolm II. . . . I was conducted to my apartment in a distant part of the building. I must own that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself as too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. . . ."

This was one hundred and forty years ago. The bed in which Sir Walter slept is still hung with his tartan, and you may still see the staircase up which Malcolm's unhappy body was carried. You may still stand in a bedroom in which Prince Charlie slept and from which he made his escape in such haste that he left his watch beneath his pillow. But the castle does not wear the pall of historical gloom. The vitality of the living is mightier than the memorials and souvenirs of the dead, and Glamis is a living home. Its age and its legends are the picturesque background of life and of busy people.

From the castle windows one looks out over

placid fields where rooks fly down among the corn. The summer scene, which the Queen knew best as a child, is peaceful, and the staircases and wide, beautiful rooms are more used to the laughter of children than the moaning of ghosts.

The horizon of the Queen's life was not wide when she was young. The story is of a charming girl: human, prone to mischief, neither an intellectual nor a dunce. Little incidents prove the continuity of her charm, from the day when her nurse described her as "an exceptionally happy, easy child" to the day when Sargent spoke of her as "the only completely unconscious sitter" he had ever painted; from the days when she played cricket with her brothers at Glamis to the day when she walked into White Lodge as a bride. If the Queen is to be understood and appreciated by people in the new countries, they must not expect a story of splendour and aloofness from common interests. Royal persons now live in full view of the people, and they depend upon their own merits for their reputation. From the beginning, Queen Elizabeth's life has been one of growing character, quiet and untroubled, moving towards a quiet, untroubled

ideal. Until a year ago this ideal was the same as that of millions of other women in Great Britain. From the day when she was no longer impish enough to climb to the roof of Glamis and pour water on guests as they arrived, she began to grow towards serious and balanced womanhood: seriousness and balance which have been leavened by a quick sense of humour. There lies the ground of her appeal to the women of Great Britain. She will never dazzle them with magnificence or seem to be like somebody remote from themselves. She will always represent a standard which will be as tangible to those who live in a villa in Ealing, as to those who live in a tenement in Kennington, or in a lordly house set in a park in Somerset. The standard is not exciting. It demands much in quiet service. It is the ideal prayed for so easily in every marriage service, and fought for so valiantly by every woman who remembers her promise, in the less dreamy days that follow. It is the ideal which Queen Mary kept and it was the ideal of Queen Victoria.

It is necessary for us to understand the simplicity of the Queen's girlhood, the ignorance of what lay before her and the shy anxiety she showed when

she had to face the prospect of being wife of the King's second son. That he was a second son helped their enchanting story. When he planned his marriage, it was possible for him to obey the good dictates of his own heart.

Up to the winter of 1922, it is doubtful whether Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's name had ever appeared except in modest lists in the newspapers. She had no identity to the mass of people, and she was able to travel north and south without the clicking of cameras and the scratching of journalists' pens. From January 14th, 1923, this was changed. She became "news." It was on that day that the paragraph appeared in the *Court Circular*.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, to which the King has gladly given his consent.

From this day, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon came upon a terrible test for her qualities as a woman. She had to live her married life, not in the quiet world to which she belonged by nature, but in the full limelight. Her children were to belong half to

her and half to an Empire the moment they were born. Her eldest daughter had to grow up and survive cameras, cheers and adulation which might have destroyed her character. The Duchess had to share her husband with his great duties. She did not change under the frightening ordeal. During the war, when she was a nurse at Glamis, a soldier said that "She and his fancy were as like as two peas." She did not become less like the average woman in the sudden elevation to being fourth lady in the land. If she has filled the role put upon her with royal dignity, it is from her character and not merely from her manner that the inspiration has come.

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THE KING'S MARRIAGE

"A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyment of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life."

ADDISON

Chapter IX

THE KING'S MARRIAGE

THE scenes of the marriage of King George VI are still lively in the public memory. Except for the weddings of Princess Mary and Princess Patricia there had been no public celebrations in the Royal Family since the half-remembered days before 1914. The mass of people recalled the appearances of their sovereign and his family only in connection with the less engaging processions and functions associated with the war.

The recent weddings of Princess Mary and Princess Patricia in Westminster Abbey had broken a long record. There had been no royal marriages in the Abbey since the day when young King Richard II made "Good" Ann of Bohemia his bride, five and a half centuries before. It was right that the great church should have been chosen for the marriage of the Duke of York instead of one of the smaller royal chapels, for the bond between

the Royal Family and the new countries depends much upon Westminster. The Abbey always comes into the imagination of people in the dominions when they think of the principles and traditions of English life and of the significance of the Crown. To them, the Abbey is the lively heart of London and a shrine for their faith in the parent England. It was easy for Canadians and Australians to imagine the marriage ceremony; more so than if it had been within the beautiful but lesser known St. George's Chapel, or the Chapel Royal.

In its special supplement, published on the day before the wedding, *The Times* expressed the satisfaction of the nation over Prince Albert's choice of a Scottish bride. It was suitable that the King's second son should marry a woman so "truly British to the core." Of the Duke, the *Times* writer said, "Young as he is, and great as is his station," he has "known enough of frustration to make all admirers of pluck and perseverance the more anxious to wish him happiness and success in the venture." *The Times* referred in its leading article to the modest state of the Duke of York, compared with his "brilliant elder brother" and ended with the wish,



"There is but one wedding to which the people look forward with still deeper interest—the wedding which will give a wife to the Heir to the Throne and, in the course of nature, a future Queen to England and the British peoples."

The Duke of York was married on April 26th. The morning began with the fickle weather of most April days, but the great crowds were intent upon their own pleasure and they ignored the early showers. London assumed some of its old security and cheerfulness; not the nervous excitement of the years of the war, but a comfortable willingness to enjoy the marriage of two people who were so obviously devoted to each other: to whom the outward, lordly show was no more than a contribution to their inner happiness. As the hour of the wedding approached, the weather was less capricious and when the procession came to the doors of Westminster Abbey, the sun broke through and the clouds moved away. Women abandoned the newspapers with which they had covered their spring hats and policemen took off their capes. London was prepared and in the mood to enjoy itself.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon drove from her par-

ents' London house in comparative simplicity. For the first time, she was cheered by thousands of people. The gentle way of her life was ended and the bells that rang, the cheering, and the ornaments of flags and bunting; the soldiers in their panoply and the vigorous music might have warned her of the great width of the new way she had chosen. Lady Elizabeth made her last gesture as a commoner as she walked into the Abbey. She paused by the west door and placed her bouquet of white roses upon the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Then she walked slowly to the altar where her bridegroom was waiting for her.

When the service was over, a fortunate burst of sunshine came to stay and the brightened streets suited the good temper of the people. It was a gay day. Another generation of royal contentment had begun; another generation had accepted the family tradition of domestic happiness. The bride and bridegroom returned to Buckingham Palace between immense crowds; they came out upon the balcony which has so often been the focus for Londoners' cheering and delight, and then they went off

on their honeymoon, to the quiet, beautiful house in Surrey, which had been lent to them.

From the beginning, the Duke and Duchess of York tried to guard their domestic life from the bustle of public affairs. Their first retreat, at White Lodge, fostered this peacefulness for a little time. With the broad acres of Richmond Park spreading about their modest house, they were able to enjoy occasional days of tranquillity and to embark on earnest housekeeping. They continued to avoid becoming "palace-minded" and they planned their life sanely, finding mutual pleasure in making their home; in the details of decoration, of creating their comfort, and gardening. Once more Prince Albert dug in the rose garden, but the freedom which he had treasured at Raunceby was not vouchsafed to him and his wife for very long. They were soon drawn into an insistent programme. The astonishing graphs kept at Buckingham Palace showed a sudden burst of activity for the King's second son and his bride, and they had to struggle to keep a few intervening hours of peace. They did not fly to popularity nor become stars in the public imagination. The sincerity of their married lives, their hap-

piness together and their modesty did not invite glamour. But the influence of their contentment soon brought them the kind of public regard which was suitable to their character.

Queen Elizabeth comes of a talented house. Pianos, paint brushes and pens are often busy at Glamis, and the Queen grew up in an atmosphere of good talk, music and all the accomplishments of an intelligent family. She brought these habits south with her and she gave the Duke a continuity of home life which had never been possible for him before. He found in his wife a companion for his reading and a critic of his ideas. Their companionship wove its inevitable influences about them.

They shared a sitting-room and, unconsciously following the example of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, they wrote and read together, preparing themselves for the mutual dependence which is now such a strength to them in the greater responsibilities which they bear. The limelight was never fierce upon them, but their example slowly permeated the life of the country, giving an ideal to other young people embarking upon happy and useful mar-

riages. It was upon this example that they won the hearts of the people.

One incident in the first October after the Queen's coronation showed how this example had affected the simpler homes in the country. The Penzance Council had developed the modern appetite for plain villas and plumbing, and they intended to destroy some old houses in the village of Newlyn, by the sea. The women, who loved their old houses, wrote to Queen Elizabeth:

"We, your gracious Majesty's most humble and devoted subjects, the women of Newlyn, whose precious homes are threatened, plead to the first lady in the land, our kind and beautiful Queen, who knows so well what the love of home means, and who will understand above all others what the Celtic people feel about the soil on which their forefathers have dwelt for centuries. . . . We are proud of our famous little village which has been here since the days of the Phoenicians. . . . We humbly beg to be allowed to keep our homes in which are sunk the hard-earned savings of our lives, the little homes on which our happiness and livelihood depend. . . ."

The simple confidence of the letter is a tribute to the effect which the Queen has had upon family life. Her hold over English affection was finally established when her first daughter was born, in

1926. From the beginning, Princess Elizabeth was treated as a rather magical person by the public. She was fortunately guarded with discipline and cold sanity at home, so that she was not ruined by the adulation of the many people who still cling to a story-book conception of princesses. There was always a group of eager women near to the doorstep of the Duke's London house, or peering through the railings where Princess Elizabeth could be seen at play. While this tiptoe excitement went on in the world outside, a young father and mother built up every possible wall of good sense about their child, and she passed through the hazardous state of early girlhood without being spoiled by the well-meant plot to ruin her with kindness. Princess Elizabeth soon became the centre of happy scenes which gave many people pleasure; none more stirring to the imagination than those Sundays when she paid her first visits to her grandfather and grandmother, at Windsor Castle. Here was an enchanting setting for her: a sunny afternoon, with the band playing upon the terrace, a design of formal scarlet geraniums spreading out to the wide stone steps and

then, the townspeople of Windsor taking their afternoon walk, in their sovereign's garden, celebrating the day of leisure with bowler hats and gloves. English life always seems safe and elegant when summer comes to Windsor and no scene is more representative of good, respectable security than this traditional parade over the spick and span gravel paths. They admire the high, gallant chestnuts, the glorious copper beech-tree set upon the greensward, the cedar beneath which Queen Victoria used to pause with her dog and hand him her gloves to carry. They were always safe, happy Sundays, when the burghers of Windsor could parade at a leisurely pace and listen to the capricious tunes which they shared with the King and Queen who often sat at the window, equally enjoying their tranquil afternoon.

A new charm came into these Sundays when Queen Mary began the habit of lifting her grandchild up to the window for the people to see. They watched her, year after year, until the days when the Princess was old enough to play in the park: near enough for them to see her and to hear her. It was

romantic for them to remember, as she scrambled among the bushes, evading her nurse, that her namesake had hunted in the same park more than three hundred years before.

THE "DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP"

"Men in great place are thrice servants."

BACON

Chapter X

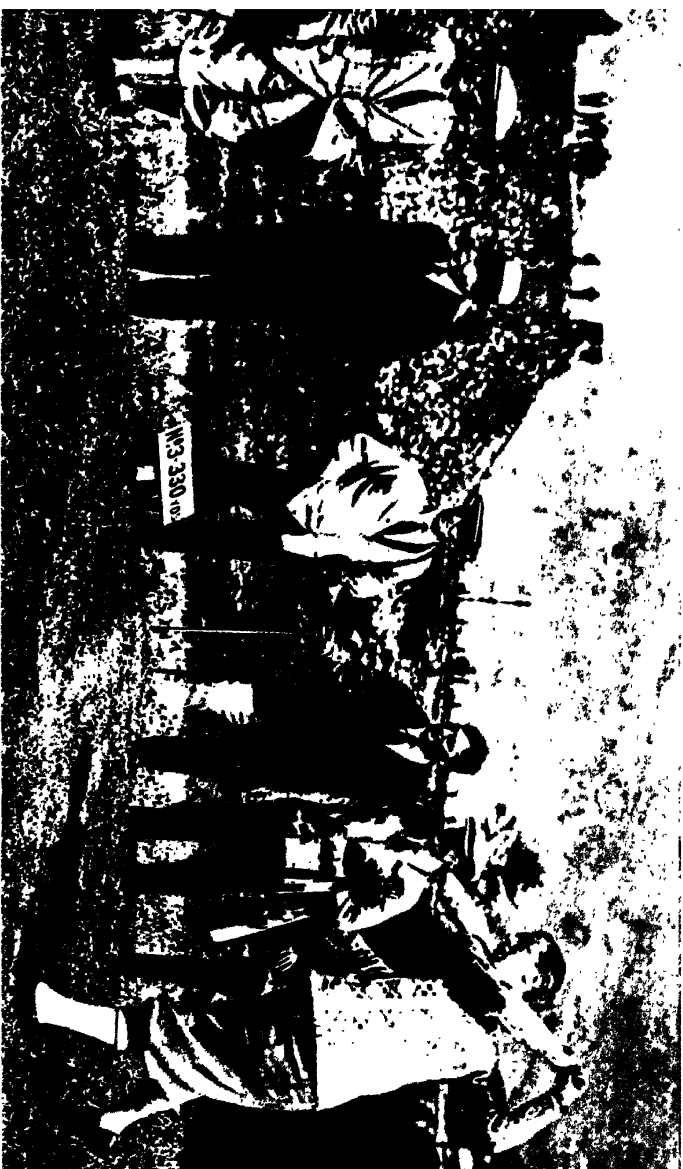
THE "DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP"

WHILE he was still a young man, the present King made a speech at Croydon, outlining the qualities he wished to find in a great leader. He said:

"To my mind he must possess three great qualities: personality, sympathy, and above all, idealism. . . . I do not think I need speak to you about personality. . . . Of sympathy I will just say this, its keynote is personal contact and understanding. . . . The third quality of the leader . . . is idealism. Nobody can lead unless he has the gift of vision and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them. He will strive for something which may appear unattainable, but which he believes in his heart can one day be reached, if not by him, by his successors, if he can help to pave the way."

The words were his own and they can be interpreted as a rule for living to which he has subscribed through his actions, over a period of fifteen

years. As Duke of York and for one year as king, service within the country, rather than world politics, has been the sovereign's chief interest. It was interesting when he opened Parliament for the first time, in October of 1937, to read over the subjects in his speech and find that most of them were within the scope of his own interests. He was able to begin: "My relations with foreign powers continue to be friendly." The King spoke in a clear, calm voice of his government's plans for slum clearance, improvement of agricultural housing, State medical care for the young after leaving school, meals for boys and girls attending junior instructional centres, and the lowering of pension age for blind people. They were all constructive or compassionate measures. One felt, on the crisp October morning when the King concluded his first speech from the throne, that he was ruling a young, progressive country. The ancient ceremonial did not overwhelm this impression of vigour and freshness of thought. It was significant that the most dramatic piece of legislation with which the new reign had begun was the work of a young politician, Mr. A. P. Herbert. One remembered, as the King rose to



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THE DUKE OF YORK PLAYING GOLF WITH MR. FRANK HODGES, M.P., MAY, 1924

speak, that all the three great ceremonies in which he had taken part since his accession had been lively with the promises of the young as well as venerable with the achievements of the old: in the Coronation procession, at Windsor when the King attended the Garter service, and during the opening of his first Parliament.

Many years before, within the modest boundaries of Croydon, the King had declared the value he set upon idealism . . . the "gift of vision" and "the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them." And then, of the idealist, "He will strive for something which may appear unattainable but which he believes in his heart can one day be reached. . . ." These had been noble words for a young man to write.

The King's influence through the Industrial Welfare Society has already been traced. In this work, he was associated with others and he could not enjoy the individual victory which came to him through the Duke of York's Camp, which was all his own creation. Soon after he came to the throne, an official asked the King what he would do about the camp, which he had organised fifteen years be-

fore to bring boys from public schools and industrial areas together for their summer holidays. It is said that he answered the suggestion that because of his increased responsibilities he might have to withdraw from this work, with a rather sharp rejoinder. Nothing was to be changed.

The Duke of York's Camp had a picturesque beginning. Prince Albert had filled his mind with knowledge during his journeys in the industrial areas. He had begun with the sympathy and the idealism of which he spoke at Croydon. After a few months of experience in meeting industrialists, in examining their problems and learning more of the anxieties of the working men, the vision of which he had spoken also came to him.

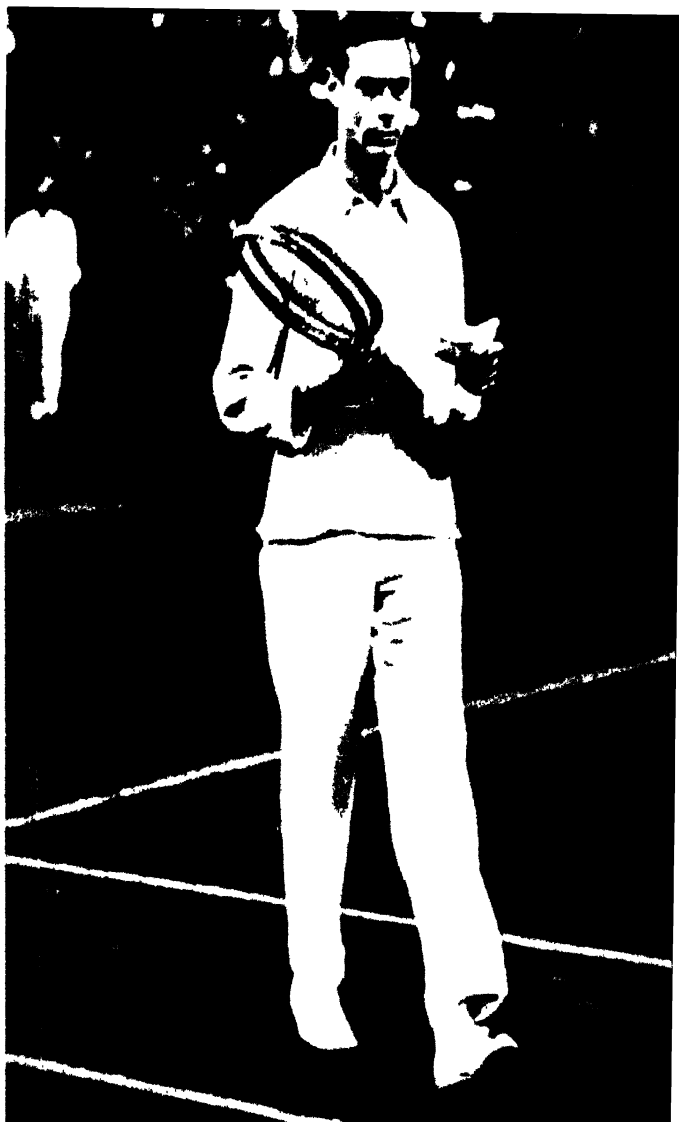
During the early months of 1921, a number of boys in the Briton Ferry Steel Works saved all they could from their wages to realise a dream. They had always wished to see London. They were keen footballers and when they arrived from Wales, three matches were arranged for them, one with the personnel of the Ordnance College, one with the team from Messrs. McVitie and Price's works, and a third against Westminster School. This last match

was played on the famous Vincent Square ground, in the heart of Westminster. By this time, the Duke was wholly engrossed in the work of the Industrial Welfare Society, and he found time to attend and kick off at one of the matches. The footballers from South Wales had brought a crippled boy with them as their mascot, and while the Duke was watching the play, the lad sidled up and asked him to sign his name on a corner flag which he had brought up with him. (When the flag was returned to Wales, somebody embroidered the signature in gold thread.) It was in that moment that the Duke began thinking of his plan. Public school and factory boys were playing their game together in front of him. The words of his grandfather might have been ringing in his memory, "Class can no longer stand apart from class." The game of football went on and it ended in a draw—two all. The Welsh boys returned to their homes. All that the Duke said as he was leaving the ground was, "This has been a fine show. What a good thing it would be if it were on a bigger scale."

A few days afterwards the Duke of York said to Mr. Hyde, "Let's have a camp." The plan was

his. Every year four hundred boys were to be his guests for a week. Two hundred of them were to come from the public schools and two hundred from the industrial areas. He insisted that there was to be no publicity, and that the schools and the factory managers should choose the boys themselves. The first invitations were sent from the Duke, personally, and he added a graceful touch to the arrangements by inviting them all to meet in the Buckingham Palace mews. The first four hundred boys came, in the summer of 1921, from every corner of England. They ate their luncheon in the mews, with the Duke at the head of the table. The State coach was drawn out for them to see and then they were hurried about London, to see all that they could in an hour and a half. Two amusing letters were afterwards received from boys who made the tour. One was delighted by the "model supposed to represent the Great Fire of London, 1666," and another, from Scotland, had only one complaint: the attendant in St. James's Park had tried to make him pay twopence for sitting down.

The first camp was held at New Romney, in Kent. The experiment might easily have been self-



Topical Press Agency Ltd., Photo.

THE DUKE OF YORK AT WIMBLEDON. JUNE, 1926

The "Duke of York's Camp" 185

conscious if it were not for the character of the men who worked with the Duke. Like those who came in touch with him during his boyhood, the camp workers were all drawn into his net. He revealed himself to them slowly, but with an unswerving wish for truth. "You must always tell me the truth whatever it is," he once said to a secretary. He had always inspired loyalty and when he was twenty-four he already showed traces of his great-grandmother's quality for attracting first-rate people about him. The gift is not general among royal persons, for the peculiar isolation in which they live sometimes makes their conception of human nature seem to be strangely twisted. The Duke of York, living away from the temptations of popularity, had been spared this danger. When his first camp was opened at New Romney the leaders worked with touches of genius. There was no attempt at deliberate class mixing; no explanation of one to the other. The boys were truly guests. Cooks and servants were provided to feed them, simply and well. They created their own pleasures; they were neither lectured nor preached at, and when the first camp ended, the great bonfire about which

the four hundred boys stood to sing their farewells was a symbol of a fine achievement. They went to their homes and became the nucleus of a great company.

Since then about seven thousand boys have been the King's guests, latterly on the Southwold Common. The effects have been far-reaching. Profiting upon the experience of this camp, more have been started in other parts of England and even in Australia. The boys who were the King's guests ten years ago have become camp leaders: the first influence upon them was strong enough to cause them to spread the experiment abroad. Every year, in the noble park at Chatsworth, about one hundred and fifty boys from North of England schools and clubs meet for seven days, and in 1937, ten German boys were invited to join them. This camp is run on lines similar to the parent camp begun by the King, and the number of boys is divided between boys' clubs, industrial concerns and public and secondary schools. In South Wales a camp is run through the summer for boys from the coalfields, and the organisation is in the hands of boys who learned their first lessons at New Romney. In Australia, Lord

The "Duke of York's Camp" 187

Somers began a similar camp, and now that he has returned to England he runs one for unemployed Welsh miners with a Duke of York's boy as Camp Chief.

Nobody could go to the camp at Southwold without coming away rather inspired. It is not easy to define the reason for one's elation. Imagine a broad grassy common by the sea. In the early part of the fifteenth century the Duke of York, whose appetite for power began the wars between the houses of Lancaster and York, seized the Manor of Southwold and its appurtenances. The stories have little link with the bustling camp of to-day, but they give a picturesque background to the King's achievement. The pleasant common upon which his tents are pitched each year was given to the town by a prosperous merchant early in the sixteenth century, a man who made a fortune in trade with Iceland and the cod and herring fisheries. Thus the common has belonged to the people for almost four and a half centuries. During the Napoleonic wars it was used for parades, and the ammunition was stored on the Whin Hill near by. Again in 1914, soldiers marched upon the open

ground: they dug trenches, bombs were thrown and the early war aircraft landed there. There are a few ghosts to conjure up when, in the quiet of the evening, the boys wander towards the edge of the sea to listen to an isolated piper playing in the night.

No incident following the coronation delighted British people more than the screening of the films of the Great Chief's first visit to Southwold as King. Following the grandeur of the coronation, these pictures of him joining in the group singing with such an obviously happy grin, made cinema audiences cheer, all over the country. From the beginning he had always refused to spend more than one day at the camp. He had explained with fine sensibility that if he stayed longer they would be asking each morning, "What the devil shall we do with him next?" One sighs that Mr. Maxton, with his gloomy prophecies at the time of the coronation, could not have joined the company at Southwold in August of 1937, when the four hundred boys were waiting for the King to arrive by air. It was his first flight as King—he had not flown since the day of his father's death when he travelled from Sandringham to London with his brother. It was a

The "Duke of York's Camp" 189

jolly, unpretentious scene, free from all humbug. The boys were delighted, and when one saw him arrive among them, grinning broadly, England seemed to be a very pleasant land to live in.

Fifteen years had passed since the first camp was held. It seemed a long span of history for a young king to bear. His bold experiment had been tried and proved. The idea which had first stirred in 1921, had assumed greatness. King George VI seemed to be a man who had come into fulfilment as he walked down the space between the two lines of marquees, bare-headed and wearing grey shorts and an open-necked tennis shirt. His health was good, his spirits were high, to the point of boisterousness, and his confidence, which had grown slowly through many years, was in full flower.

The King's gift with the boys in the camp has depended upon his understanding of youth. It is a much talked of quality, but it is dismally rare. The boys at Southwold are quick to detect the older man who is planning their "improvement." An early visitor to the camp made a "heart-stirring appeal to the boys that their lives should be inspired daily by a spirit of service to their fellows." The

advice was full of merit, but it was given sentimentously and with an odd illustration. The preacher told them that he had recently seen at Plymouth one of the Admiralty hawsers. To show that it had no flaws, there was running through it a thin red strand. "So in life," he said unctuously, "there should always be in evidence the thin red line of service." Mr. Hyde has told the story. "Within half an hour of the delivery of this speech, scores of boys were to be seen in camp, their faces painted with a thin red line of grease paint which disappeared into the neck of their shirts and emerged again at the hem of their shorts."

The boys were not awed or estranged when the Great Chief came to them in 1937 as King. His singing of *Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree* made that impossible. In that moment, it is almost certain that he forgot Westminster. The photographs showed him as his people wish him often to be: happy, young, and certain that if devotion lightens a man's burdens, his burdens are lightened by every boy who has broken bread with him at Southwold. After fifteen years, Prince Albert had become a sovereign, and the words which he had

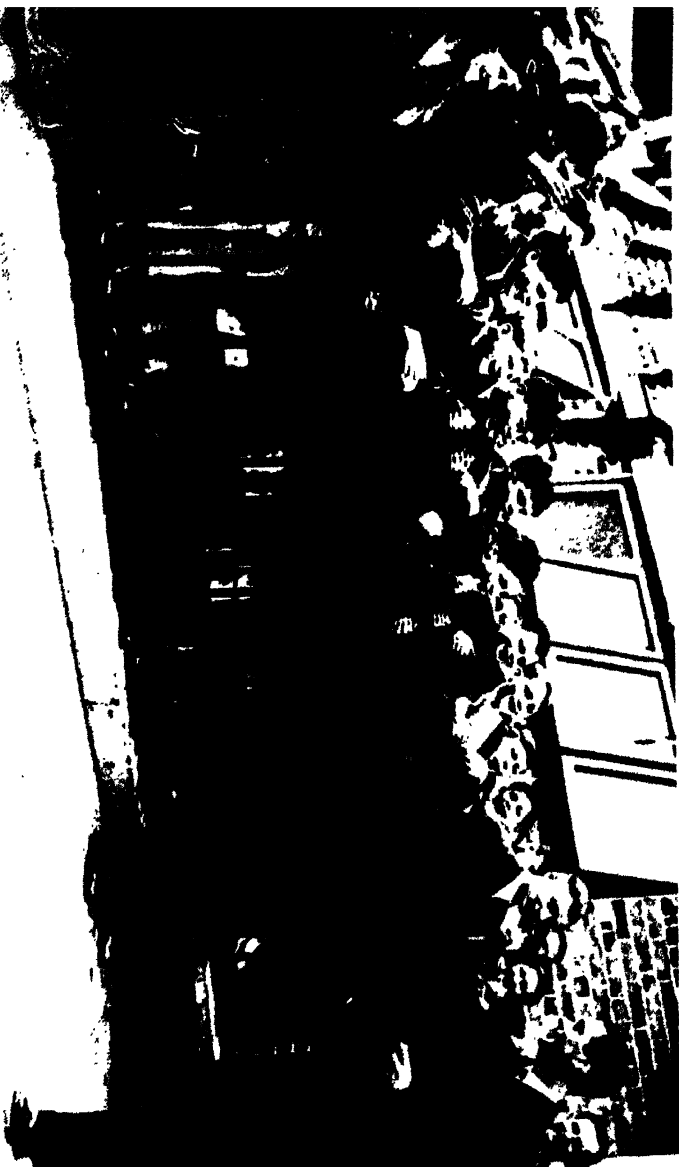


Photo. Supplied L.N.A.

KING GEORGE VI AT CHRIST CHURCH BOYS' CLUB, LAMBETH, 1937

The "Duke of York's Camp" 191

spoken when he was young of the "gift of vision in a leader," of the "desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them," had flowered upon the East Anglian coast, as they will flower when summer comes during every year of his reign.

THE KING AND THE COMMONWEALTH

"Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great Empire and little minds go ill together."

EDMUND BURKE

Chapter XI

THE KING AND THE COMMONWEALTH

THE relationship between King George VI and the countries of the Empire is unique in the history of the world. No monarch has ever been so supremely independent of his home government in his hold over the imagination and affections of the people in his overseas Dominions. In his broadcast speech, in the evening after his coronation, the King defined this magnanimous relationship in his own clear words. "Never has the ceremony itself had so wide a significance, for the Dominions are now free and equal partners with this ancient kingdom." Earlier in the day, General Smuts said to an audience in Capetown, "Here for the first time we have a King of kingdoms spread over the whole globe. A new chapter has been written in the constitutional development of mankind." South Africa was taking an active and authoritative part in the crowning of a king. He added,

"In a deeper sense than ever, the King and Queen now become ours.

"Up to the Great War the old British Empire was a single national unit, a single sovereignty. There was a unity which was based on the supreme authority over all of a single central Parliament. In the vast changes of the post-war period none has been more significant or far-reaching than the transformation of this centralised Empire into a society of free states in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

"The King who is being crowned to-day is not the head of the central kingdom to which many other Dominions and possessions belong, but of a group of equal states, of whose free association together he is the common symbol. His kingdom has thus a meaning which no previous kingdom has ever had, and his crowning for the first time as sovereign of such a constellation of free states is a unique event in history."

This essentially personal tie between the Crown and the new countries has never been denied except by violent enemies of monarchy. Now that the British Government and the governments of the Dominions are independent of each other, the King's person is more important and his position in relation to the Dominions is morally stronger than that of any king who has reigned before him. The extent of that power in the years to come will depend, not upon the changing fashions of British

The King and the Commonwealth 197

politics or upon the imperialistic theories of statesmen, but upon King George himself and the character with which he endows his throne.

Many of the ideas and emotions which first built the British Empire have faded away. The melodious voice of Kipling gave us songs rather than principles for government. Writing in the American magazine *Esquire* of November of 1937, Mr. Cedric Belfrage quoted the view of George Orwell who said, "A quarter of a century ago no Englishman could laugh at the spirit of Kipling and get away with it. To-day no Englishman, except in Parliament or when writing to *The Times*, can *not* laugh and get away with it." The view may seem cynical, but it is a warning to us not to depend too blindly upon the old bonds between the mass of people in England and the equally powerful masses of people in Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. There is no dislike between the parent and her children, but there is often apathy. Mr. Belfrage used the convincing argument that "There is one type of book that most London publishers won't even consider, so certain would be its failure: a book about the Empire." In almost every case, the history

of publishing shows this to be true. Few English people know or care about the life of the British people overseas, for the old ties of family relationship have become dim. The daily habits of Australians are as different from those of English people as the habits of Americans. The words they use have different meanings and their commercial interests are divergent. Geographical position on the map is a strong power in shaping the habits and wishes of people, and Great Britain can no longer demand the loyalty or commercial interest of the people in the Dominions as a tithe paid to her for the satisfaction of being able to describe themselves as British subjects. Australian children are not greatly troubled if the flaxen-haired English dolls given to them at Christmas have "made in Japan" printed upon their feet. In October of 1937, when South Africa needed twenty-three steam locomotives, she bought them from Krupp's works in Essen.

The personal association between the Crown and the Dominions is therefore the only considerable corrective that we have for this apathy, and in time it may be strong enough to revive the interest between



The King and the Commonwealth 199

English parents and Empire children. It is well that Mr. Smuts and his contemporary statesmen in other Dominions should feel that, "in a deeper sense than ever," the King and Queen have become theirs. This bond has been built upon experience. It no longer depends merely upon sentiment or tradition. From the time when King George V made his first Empire journey, the Royal Family has been engrossed in the affairs of the new countries, and King George V looked upon the Empire tours of his sons as part of their education. Their journeys represented the same sources of learning to the princes as the Grand Tour did to princes and noblemen of the late eighteenth century. King George V knew Australia better than he knew the countries of Europe, and Dominion ministers who talked with him in London were always surprised when he spoke of their irrigation schemes, their afforestation and their harbour works. The amount of reading he did upon such subjects was colossal. It is right that the tie between the old country and the new countries should depend upon the King, for it has been within his family, far more than in Westminster or Downing Street, that the tie has

been guarded and kept strong. Even now, it is not possible to realise the tremendous good done by King Edward VIII when he made his great journeys about the Empire. He awakened fading sentiment, he stirred the sleeping forms of tradition to life, and he made the name of England fair again in far-away places.

The present King has also played his part, in a different way, in carrying the personal interest of his family to the Dominions. He had been to Canada as a sailor, but the story of his association with the new countries did not begin in earnest until after his marriage. The first journey made by the Duke and Duchess of York was down the East Coast of Africa, during the winter of 1924. This was their first long holiday together, and they found a new bond in the interests and quick changes of travel. They went to Mombasa and then inland, to Nairobi, where they conjured up the illusion of an English Christmas. Then to the excitement of their first big game hunt from which they returned with rhinoceros and lion. They came home by way of the Nile. How different was their eager interest in all that they saw from the boredom of the Duke's

grandfather when he made the same journey in 1862. "Why should we go and see the tumbledown old Temple?" he complained. "When we get there, nothing to be seen—like going to Rome to see the theatre of somebody and only two stones left." The Prince of Wales preferred shooting cranes and geese and was not abashed when he was found sitting at the foot of one of the pyramids, reading *East Lynne*. Prince Albert Edward had only older companions to tell him his history, but his grandson and his wife were able to enjoy their journey together, and they proved themselves to be busy travellers. The light behind the Duke's actions was still his lack of class-consciousness and his lively interest in people, black and white, grand and simple.

During the next year, the Duke and Duchess travelled to Australia and New Zealand. This time they were not upon a holiday. The Duke's elder brother had already covered the same vast expanse of sea and land, and the journalists had described him as Galahad. The Duke and Duchess made a different appeal to the imagination of the people. When the Duke said, "Take care of the children and the country will take care of itself," he was not

theorising. He went to Australia and New Zealand as a family man and the happy character of his family made itself felt wherever he went.

One spring morning, the elegant and sunny Waitemata Harbour became a throbbing lake of small boats and sails. Here, at the bottom of the world, where the New Zealanders are still so close to the old country in habits that Lord Northcliffe described them as "more English than the English," the Duke and Duchess won perhaps the greatest victory of their travels. Auckland had grown mad with delight: policemen were swept aside and law and order were forgotten. From the first day, they went through their exhausting programmes, listening to the addresses of about seventy mayors, laying foundation stones, and inspecting soldiers and schoolchildren. The burden was so heavy that the Duchess fell ill half-way through the journey. Yet she insisted on driving in open cars so that the people in the streets could see her. She continued until she was so ill that the doctors would not allow her to go on any longer. The Duke of York had to travel through the South Island of New Zealand without her.



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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARRIVING AT ST. KILDA, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, 1927

When the Duchess arrived in Australia, she was well again. They travelled over the great continent, with occasional escapes to hunt for kangaroo. The theme of the journey through Australia became more serious to the Duke through the part that he played in the celebration of Anzac Day. Then he saw the Australian people in their noblest mind. For those in England who do not know the world beyond Dover, the emotions of people in the Dominions must remain a mystery. The fierce devotion which Australians show to their short history of achievement might surprise the placid Londoner who takes his national anniversaries as a matter of course. The Duke caught, in the hour of the solemn recollection of Gallipoli, all the spirit of the great, brave and frank Australian people. He talked of this many times, and he came away from Australia with a deep regard for the sincerity and character which he found there.

It is not easy for us to recapture the excitement of other people's travels, even when they are made amid royal splendour. A list of the towns which the Duke visited and a description of the endless ceremonies would not help one to comprehend him

any better. It was when he returned to England that public men realised the full value of his experience. He brought fresh ideas into the work of the Industrial Welfare Society, and he was able to compare and to use the voluminous notes which he had made during his inspection of factories in the antipodes. King George V allowed his son to know a little more of the government of the country, as a proof of his faith in him.

In 1929 King George V made one more gesture of trust in his son's public work. The Duke of York was appointed Lord High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland. It was the first time that a member of the Royal Family had performed the office for more than three hundred years.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

*"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings."*

J. SHIRLEY

Chapter XII

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

THE writing of history usually depends upon action. We know what the great men of the past have done, almost from day to day, but their moral tribulations and their confusion of motives are seldom known to us, except in the rare instances where they have left journals of self-revelation to help us to understand the motives which lay behind their actions. The human mind therefore gathers a cinematographic impression of the past. One sees the dead celebrities in dramatic postures: Mary Queen of Scots at her execution, Cromwell walking upon the terrace at Windsor with a coat of mail beneath his jacket, in fear of assassination; Frederick the Great showing cowardice in his first great battle, and Joan of Arc burning at the stake. The dramas which depended upon men's inner conflicts are mostly lost to us. We are left wondering, in view of this, what the writers of the future will

do with the events of 1936 and 1937, when British people lived through some of the most alarming changes that have ever come to their monarchy, without any action except the hour in which a king went into exile; when the drama depended almost entirely upon thought and emotion, without a flashing sword, a riot or a violent death to tempt an historian into heroic prose. It is a tale which the dramatist could reveal only in soliloquies.

We doubtless lived through a great experience when our monarchy faced, not the sword or the block, but the stark, rational examination of democracy, for the first time. British people suffered three mighty changes within the space of little more than a year. In May of 1935 the Jubilee celebrations of King George V soothed the Empire and fed its sense of security. It did not seem then that any impending disaster could disturb our serenity. Our sovereign was old and his life had been rich with goodness. All the nobleness of human nature, the allegiance to duty and the obedience to religious living of which man is capable seemed to be exemplified in the monarch who had ruled Great Britain through the war and then through the grim punish-

ments which came afterwards. Britain had weathered her storm, and during the weeks before the celebrations the voices of cynics were drowned in acclamation.

The glorious pageant of the Jubilee passed and we went on believing in our security. The eight months of life left to King George did not give him equal happiness. He had been surprised by the tremendous love poured upon him during the celebrations. A simple, blunt, modest man, he had been overwhelmed by the tributes paid to his character. But one does not accept emotions quickly when one is old, and the King returned to a state of anxiety over the future. He did not understand the aims of the young and he was perpetually melancholy about them because of their fecklessness and their lack of religion.

It was a sad but pleasant circumstance that the King should have spent the closing weeks of his life at Sandringham. He died in the unpretentious setting which he liked best and which suited his nature. He had always been a family man, devoted to his friends and to his fireside, and it was suitable that he should die in a house and not in the imper-

sonal spaces of Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. At Sandringham the habits of his life were more purely domestic. He could play the part he liked so well; the part of the Norfolk squire, concerned about his dogs, his stables and his trees.

The unimportant daily habits of great men often reveal them more truthfully than their public acts, and a domesticated man like King George V was seen at his best in his family circle. He was devoted to the simple programme of his life, especially to his mid-morning bowl of soup which he had drunk ever since he was a boy. It was a Danish custom, learned when he used to go on holiday to his mother's relatives in Copenhagen. Many stories had grown out of the King's morning habit. In 1932, when the new dry dock was opened at Southampton, the royal yacht was to sail in and break a ribbon with her bows. On either side, great stands had been built so that the guests could look down upon the decks of the *Victoria and Albert* as she came in. The people were disappointed when they searched and could not find the familiar bearded face of the King. Everything was ready on the yacht, but the King could not be found. Officers went in search of

him and they found him far below, walking along a corridor and saying, "Where's my soup? I want my soup!"

The King's habit was so well known to his sons that when he went to Cambridge the first order that Prince Albert gave to the servants was for a bowl of hot soup to be ready when his father arrived.

In the last winter of his life, King George often reminisced over his morning bowl. It was a sign to him of all that had been. As the year was ending, another ageing monarch fell into the comfortable habit of pondering over old times. As Christmas was drawing near, King Christian of Denmark wrote to King George and asked him what he would like for a present. He wished, he said, to send his "Brother" something that would please him, rather than a grand impersonal present from a shop. King George's wish was modest. He wrote to King Christian, recalling the early days when they used to spend their summer holidays with Queen Alexandra's family in the summer palace at Fredensborg. It was there that the morning habit of drinking soup had begun, and King George told King Christian that all he wished for Christmas was that

they should drink their öllebröd together, as when they were boys. Öllebröd-is a peasant soup, made of beer and breadcrumbs.

King Christian was coming to London before Christmas, and with him he brought a pot of öllebröd which had been made for him in the palace. When his luggage was unpacked at Buckingham Palace, he asked the servants to hot up the öllebröd and serve it to King George the following morning.

The two sovereigns drank their soup together. They were the oldest reigning kings alive; it was not possible for human memory to measure the changes which had come to the world since they were boys. Monarchy had faced the "naked sword of the proletariat" during the span of their lives, and they must have known, in their old age, alarms and wonderment which the ordinary man could not even suppose. They had been born in the rich age when princes still ruled Europe. They knew, perhaps more than any two men alive, the sad gap which lies between the public duties of a king and the wish to live within the compass of a family. They drank their soup together, and King George was so moved by his "Brother's" gesture that tears



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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT GLAMIS CASTLE, 19

At a garden party celebrating the golden wedding of the Earl and Countess of Southampton

came to his eyes. He closed his eyes and said, "We are boys again, Christian. I can see Grand-mamma, Mamma, and Auntie Dagma, and all the old faces at Fredensborg. We are boys again."

A few weeks after the meeting of the two sovereigns, King George died at Sandringham. The first of the three mighty changes had come and within a few days it seemed that our old security was already challenged. King George had been grouped with what had been, rather than with the future. He had always embraced the laws laid down by Queen Victoria. Young people revered his example, but they found it impossible to apply it to their quickened way of living. Much that was dignified and calm in English habits seemed to die with the King, and as his sons walked out from St. George's Chapel from seeing his coffin lowered into the vault of his ancestors, anxiety seemed to stir in the country. All was not well with the world.

The Times, in whose columns the history of England is written, already seemed able to sum up the character of the dead King. He had been "sturdy, downright and forceful." "All his views were strong views. . . . He was incapable of guile. His mind

registered black and white; untroubled by casuistry, he saw and followed a straight course, his guide an uncompromising honesty of purpose." Of his life, *The Times* said: "No reign has ever been fuller of national suffering, triumph, and disappointment, no monarch could have led his people with greater insight into their varying needs or with steadier devotion to the largest interests of the whole Empire. None strove more manfully beneath the burden of war nor carried the cause of peace nearer to his heart."

Older people wondered anxiously if this immaculate state of monarchy was to survive. A new age fondly imagines that its ideas are also new, but there was no doubt among either the young or the old that any change or experiment in government was impossible. The example of European countries which had been shorn of monarchs has been good for the stability of English people. There was no doubt that Great Britain and the Empire wished to be ruled by a sovereign; desirably one who would follow in the way of King George.

Thus the people came upon the second mighty change of the year. The new king, already a glori-

ous figure because of his war service and his travels; already safe in the esteem of the people because of his charm, his kindness and his untiring interest in the public good, came upon the cruellest alternatives that could ever challenge a man's judgment. Almost as soon as we had become used to his name of Edward VIII, the King decided to abdicate and, in his own words, "quit altogether public affairs." After months have passed, one is allowed a wider view than the quick excitement of December permitted to the average mind. It is astonishing to remember how valiantly the mass of people received the blow and how calmly they recovered from it. The machines in the great factories droned on; the quiet domestic habits of millions of houses were unchanged. The continuity of the nation's life was shaken, but it did not break.

On December 11th, 1936, the hopes and faith of the multitude of British people were stunned; so stunned that they barely thought of the most important figure in the tragic play. It seemed impossible, in the tornado of impressions and alarms, to consider the one man upon whom the greatest burden of the abdication was to fall. The Duke of York

was asked to turn from his peaceful way, to bring those whom he loved into an unexpected arena of duty and to accept, with them, responsibilities "from which an archangel might shrink." The fourth mighty change came when the Duke of York said that he was willing to accept the throne. His modesty caused him to wonder if the country sincerely wished him to assume the great height, but once convinced, he did not falter. When the full story of his life comes to be written by those historians who will have the advantage of time, it will be this first sacrifice that will envelop him in a cloak of greatness.

To some people, the institution of kingship is part of their blood. This devotion cannot be explained away as snobbishness, nor as a selfish wish to take a place on the golden stairs of royal favour. It is deeper than this. In the core of themselves, these men believe in kings rather as the first tribesmen of the desert believed, that monarchy was "based solely upon the assimilation of the king to the gods." Some men believe in kings as the inspiration of law, and as examples of morality, as the guardians of beauty and as the patrons of poetry.

Such men are few in the twentieth century, and kings now remain upon their thrones by the will of the people, who look upon monarchy as the noblest, best and most stable form of rule. It would no longer be convincing to say that our monarchy was based upon the "assimilation of the king to the gods." The way of popular thought is otherwise, and it likes to discover that kings are ordinary people. Yet there are some men—poets, dreamers and idealists maybe—who like to remember that the great beauty built upon the earth by man has usually prospered under the encouragement of kings. Whether it has been the beauty of Michelangelo's painting in the Sistine Chapel, the acid talents of Voltaire, or the broad, satisfying beauty of Shakespeare's prose, men know that the institution of monarchy has usually found a warm corner for talent and a gentle, encouraging voice for the poet. It is not nonsense to think of a great line of sympathy between poets, kings and gods. And one of the minor arguments in favour of princes is that art and beauty thrive under the encouragement of cultured patrons.

In this stark age, Dubedat's cry in *The Doctor's*

Dilemma is limited in its appeal. That kings encourage beauty or that they work miracles are not likely arguments in an age which depends upon money and machines. Nevertheless, those astute Londoners who imagine that their spick and span ideas of living are good enough for all mankind might be surprised if they went out into the spaces of England and Scotland, where many people still cling to the older conception of kingship; surprised to find that in some parts of the country there are people who still believe in the royal power to heal and to work miracles.

In his book *Kingship* Mr. A. M. Hocart writes: "Historians are mostly drawn from the ranks of the rationalists, men who have an inborn aversion to the supernatural." He adds: "We hear much in their writings of the wars of kings, their diplomacy, their laws and enactments, but little or nothing of their power to work miracles." These sentences open his chapter on the King's Evil. Mr. Hocart reminds us of the healing power of the Stuarts and of the days when Charles II "dispensed healing influences" by the touch of a hand. "The days on which this miracle was to be wrought were fixed at

sittings of the Privy Council, and were solemnly notified by the clergy in all the parish churches in the realm." This is Macaulay's description of the last exercise of the healing influence of a king in England.

It was barely reasonable to suppose that the Georges would claim similar powers, but we are able to turn to the reign of Queen Victoria and find in Miss Sheila Macdonald's *Folk-lore* also quoted by Mr. Hocart, the story of an "old Scotch shepherd afflicted with scrofula" who "used to complain that he could not approach Queen Victoria close enough to touch her and cure his disease."

This digression leads to a surprising and authentic story of the annual Duke of York's camp for boys, at Southwold. Almost every year some of the East Anglians, who live in a different world from the rest of England, have pressed forward in the crowds, hoping that they might touch the Duke as he passed, and thus be cured of sickness. The story is more picturesque than important, but it is an interesting corrective to those people who try to measure the power of a king in terms of purely intellectual criticism.

There are advantages in the cult for honest thinking as far as King George VI is concerned, for he has not come to the throne depending upon shibboleths. He is king because he satisfies the twentieth-century conception of monarchy. Democrats allegedly hate cant and pretence, and they require a king not as a picturesque historical survival, but as an impartial authority, above the axe-grinding of politicians. The sovereign is the only man in the country who has access to all shades of opinion, to all classes and all professions. He is not the servant of the politicians, but of the public. He acts as their agent in the government of the country.

Democracy does not mean that we should be ruled by the manual labouring class, but by the general average of public opinion. It is through neglect of this general average of opinion (which is neither organised labour, big business, political labour, nor conventional conservative) that Fascism has been born in those countries where there was either no monarchy, or where the monarchy was political and not democratic. This, then, is the conception of democracy among British people: that they should

elect a Parliament to make laws, based on the average of opinion, and crown a king who will inspire the keeping of those laws.

When he was young, King George VI was trained, slowly and exactly, in the structure of the British Constitution. He knew what was expected from him when he consented to be crowned.

As far as the will of the country was concerned, there was no doubt in December of 1936. There was, however, another point of view to be considered—that of the King himself. In voicing their own acceptance of a new monarch, few people found time to realise the sacrifices he was making in the cause of monarchy as an institution, of his family as part of a royal line, and of the people. There were compensations for kings in the old days when swords were sharp and when the royal temper had not to be curbed. With constitutional monarchy, kings have lost most of the privileges of their state and they have kept none but the disadvantages. Only a sense of duty can sustain monarchs in the twentieth century, and the dreary, persistent word haunts them from the beginning to the end.

An heir to a throne in such circumstances might well ask himself whether it is all worth while. The constant struggle and the spur of ambition help a statesman to work for the public good. But a prince has no struggles except within himself, and he can have no ambitions of a worldly kind. It must be true that the flame of duty burns with unique heat in royal persons. It is part of their inheritance.

It was duty alone which compelled the Duke of York in his decision. A young author wrote at the time of the coronation of the present King: "The monarchy seems to have stopped where Victoria left it, fading gently in her enormous shadow." He expressed his dislike of the "royal pursuit of negative virtues and the genteel attempt not to offend." The present king is an honest man, impatient with humbug and not in the least tardy in expressing indignation when he is displeased. He may pursue quiet virtues, but they will not be "negative" and it is wholly certain that he will not sink his will beneath a "genteel attempt not to offend." The art in being a constitutional monarch is in knowing when to be an autocrat. Queen Victoria knew this art and she

practised it frequently. Neither was King George V above occasional bursts of fine independence.

British people will never resent the exercise of the King's will. The knowledge that it exists strengthens their confidence in him.

THE CORONATION

"God crown you with a crown of glory and righteousness. . . . Stand firm and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of royal and imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto you, in the Name and by the Authority of Almighty God."

THE CORONATION SERVICE

Chapter XIII

THE CORONATION

THE day before the Coronation was gloomy and the banners in the streets were heavy with rain. But as evening came, a drying breeze refreshed the great city so that flags and streamers moved again, giving a little life to the pavements along which the people hurried, long before midnight. British people had been through great anxiety in the months before. Their dignity, their pride, and, deeper still, their safety had been threatened, yet their loyalty was unshaken. In the hour of the abdication, when the wild reformers might have used their trumpets to good purpose, none had arisen seriously to propose a substitute for monarchy. At the time of the abdication, Mr. J. Maxton had said, in Glasgow, that "we" had seen "how very trivial an impression the whole thing has left on the minds of the masses of the nation, indicating the rightness of our view that the monarchical institution does not matter a

damn." Few people believed what he said: in the hour when the cause of kingship might have been as shaky in England as in the days of George the Fourth, British people made no considerable effort to break the old order. A king had gone and a new king had come. Through all, the throne remained. Even when one turned from the excited streams of people, the crowd pressed against Buckingham Palace and the little side streets of Soho where Italians and Cockneys danced measures to the lilting tunes of accordions and violins; even when one turned from these easy, tangible demonstrations of pleasure, to be alone in one's house, it still seemed that one was living through a miracle. What force was it that had held British people together at this strange, broken moment, when the gate was open wide—invitingly wide—for the changes of which the fanatics had talked for so long! Did it mean that in a time of national need "wisdom," "the royal Law," and the "lively oracles of God" were the real sustenance of the human heart, rather than stark intellect?

It was not only because they were British, or because they were monarchists that the millions of

people hurried out into the night, to wait for the promised, sunny morning. Nor was it love of show or merely appetite for ceremonial. These were strong, but they were not all. From the north, south, east, and west the people came, suddenly turned into friends with the rare but earnest delight that comes to Londoners when there is true cause for their hearts to be touched. The spirit was the spirit that should come with the crowning of a king: gay yet thoughtful exaltation. The great streets along which the procession was to pass were thick and dark with people. They moved in wide, fluid masses, filling every space. They pressed together in the cool night, eating their sandwiches, telling tales, accepting the buffetings and knocks of a crowd as if they were friendly gestures. A policeman standing at the foot of Dover Street wrestled with a group of eager people who wished to cross the road. His patience was infinite. A passer-by said to him, "You are really wonderful." "Oh, no, it's them that's wonderful," he answered as he lowered his arm and allowed the people to pass.

Earlier in the day, the young King had said, "I stand on the threshold of a new life." British people

also stood on the threshold of a new life with him. During the months of sorrow over King Edward's abdication, it was easy to say that we had come upon the bitterest test for monarchy. It was easy to listen to theorists and against one's single-minded loyalty, even to wonder whether the usefulness of kings had not passed. But this was a fleeting question. As the day of King George's Coronation came nearer, people settled to more thoughtful considerations and they realised that the abdication had been a test for British integrity and ideals as much as for the throne itself. The decisions involved in the abdication had little to do with the actors in the piece compared with the importance of those decisions in relation to the whole structure of British behaviour and domestic law. No sensitive or thoughtful man had an unkind word for the King who had rejected the burden put upon him. The issues had ceased to be personal. The real crisis had been in the lives of the people. Through the tremendous tragedy of a loved individual, they had been brought face to face with their own neglected conscience. Moral issues which had become unfashionable were once more restored to power. It came to this: Were we, behind

our showy modernity and our casual treatment of marriage vows, still a serious, inspired people, wishing to serve the philosophy of Christ which, even among non-Christian people, must still be the only code upon which communities may thrive in contentment? It was not a high-falutin interpretation to put upon the public conscience, on the eve of King George's Coronation. Many people are able to prosper without these standards and yet contribute to the wealth and beauty of life at the same time. But, for the mass of British people, who suspect the unusual and like to abide by rules, their code of behaviour does not change and, in public leaders, this code must be inviolable.

There was no doubt, on the eve of the Coronation, that a wave of refreshed safety seemed to pass through the land. Within the walls of Buckingham Palace there was a happily married couple . . . a couple "joined together in love and unanimity," as the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria had been, almost a hundred years before. England was pleased and soothed. The greater number of people found an echo of their own hopes in the story of the new King and his wife. They believed in the King's ex-

ample and they were comforted by his existence. This conviction was strong in the land and it sustained millions of people, who waited through the night, for the ceremony of the following day. Many of them realised that it was to be a Coronation within the service of the Holy Communion.

It is said that on the morning of the Coronation, five million people were out upon the streets of London—the population of all Elizabethan England. The first procession left Buckingham Palace before nine o'clock, and the vast crowds saw the beginning of the golden cavalcade; the richness and beauty of which would only be spoiled by the gamut of adjectives. The representatives of almost seventy foreign powers drove towards the Abbey. They had come from the great countries and the little countries; Princes who reminded us of other monarchies and republicans who reminded us of the radical changes which have come to the world within the span of our memory. Then came the carriages of the Dominion Prime Ministers and the Indian Princes, then the carriages of members of the Royal Family. This part of the procession was the only disappointment of the day. It would have completed the cele-

brations to have seen one of the surviving children of Queen Victoria taking a place in the tremendous pageant. Four months after the Coronation, the Duke of Connaught, at the age of eighty-seven, pulled on his field boots to review the Sandhurst cadets. A happy historical significance would have come into the procession had one been able to see him. He has lived during the reigns of five sovereigns, and his presence would have reminded us of the depth to which the Royal Family has held the devotion of British people for a hundred years. One missed also the figures of Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice. They would have impressed upon us the span of the achievement of monarchy during the century. It was romantic to remember that Lord Melbourne was still alive when Princess Louise was a child; that Louis Napoleon had just created his short-lived Second Empire; that Mr. Thackeray was still at work on *Vanity Fair*.

The pictures these memories stirred were enhanced when one saw Princess Margaret Rose, nodding with half sleep within her carriage, and her elder sister, sparkling with delight and waving to the groups of schoolchildren which she passed. It

was a pleasant mixture of grandeur and personal affection to see the countless well-known faces; Princes and Ministers, soldiers and sailors and then, the beloved figure of Queen Mary, gracing the name of Majesty as she passed. Then the vast, splendid procession of the King and Queen; the pride of Yeomanry and Artillery and Cavalry, the exotic beauty of the Indian Princes in attendance, the Air Marshals, escorting the first pilot king to his crowning: an army of gold and scarlet, passing along the wide streets like a flame, before the state coach drawn by eight grey horses. In the coach, one saw the young King and Queen, moving forward to the thunder of the applause of their subjects.

Within the Abbey, the King's chosen subjects waited for him. They had sat there since early morning, watching the door through which he was to walk. The procession passed into the nave, so long and so splendid that one's eyes ached long before the isolated figure of the King appeared, with the announcement of trumpets and stupendous phrases of music. He seemed to be apart from any thought or comprehension of the average mind, and already near to the anointing which was to isolate

him for ever from the quiet places in which he would have liked to live his life. He walked slowly and with great dignity. But it was the dignity of a young man, upon whom one could rest the hopes of a people, "for with the young lies fulfilment."

The King walked under the arch which divided the nave from the theatre of the Coronation; he passed his throne and knelt at the faldstool on the south side of the altar, with the Queen, also kneeling, beside him.

The first episodes of the Coronation are well known; the crying of *Vivat* by the boys of Westminster School, with young, keen voices, and then the declaration of the Archbishop, to the east, to the south, facing the Royal Princes and the Peers, to the west, and to the north, before the Peeresses and the Commons.

"Sirs, I here present unto you King George, your undoubted King: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?"

Then, four times, the loud voices answering on behalf of the people, "God Save King George." There was no protest against him; the trumpets

sounded brilliant, echoing fanfares, and the Archbishop moved to the altar, where the regalia was brought to him. The King had since returned to his Chair of Estate and, from his place before the altar, the Archbishop walked once more to his sovereign and asked: "Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?" For the first time, one heard the voice of the King. He answered, with quiet strength, "I am willing." Question followed question, and to each the King spoke his assent, quietly still, but with decision and solemn thought in his voice.

If ever the deep-rooted wishes of millions of people have been realised in this country's history, it was in this hour. Ornate persons who had come to the Abbey in pride, were drawn into the mystery, and they were humble. The pomp and beauty which had delighted one's eyes an hour before, were forgotten. They no longer mattered before the inner conviction that the dedication of the King's life was not to be an empty ceremony, but that it was to be truly made to God.

The voice that had said, "I am willing," drew us towards the realisation that we were sharing an experience with our sovereign which would bind us

to him, with affectionate fealty, to the end of our lives. A spell seemed to fall upon the Abbey, and while the pale topaz light from the windows grew stronger, from a sudden shaft of sunshine, one saw that those who were used to the habit of prayer had bowed their heads to share in the thought behind their sovereign's pledges. The questions ended and, having moved before the altar, the King knelt and placed his right hand upon the Great Bible. For the first time his voice hesitated, before the seriousness of his oath. "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep. So help me God." The King kissed the Bible and signed the oath.

Then came the Administering of the Declaration and the beginning of the Communion Service through which one sat, when the singing was ended, in "silence imposed upon silence." Then the Anointing which began while the King and Queen were kneeling at their faldstools. When the hymn and the prayer ended, the King rose from his devotions and his crimson robe was taken from his shoulders. With his head bare, he went once more before the altar. Sitting in King Edward's Chair, he waited,

essentially alone, on the terrible height of his kingship. Four Knights of the Garter moved towards him and they held over him the lordly canopy of gold which they carried. His isolation from mankind seemed complete as he sat within the shade of the pall which shielded him, like a tabernacle in which he was remote from man and alone with God. Before the King stood the Dean of Westminster and the Archbishop, the one holding the Ampulla and Spoon which he had brought from the altar, the other with his fine white hand moving, slowly, to anoint the hands, the breast, and the head of the King with the holy oil. The past seemed to stir into life again as one heard the words:

Be thy head anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed:

And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over the Peoples, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The King knelt once more for the blessing. Then, robed again, in cloth of gold, he received the Spurs, and the Sword, which he was not to bear "in

vain," but to use "as the minister of God for the terror and punishment of evil doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well. . . ." When the King had received the sword in his right hand, he stood up and it was girt about him. The Archbishop then said, "With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order: that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue; and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with him in the life which is to come."

King George ungirded his sword and carried it to the altar. He returned to King Edward's Chair and, standing, he was invested with his royal robe. The Orb with the Cross was brought to him from the altar and delivered to him, with the caution that he should "remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer." The King gave the Orb to the Dean of Westminster, to be laid on the altar, and then the

King's Ring was placed upon the fourth finger of his right hand, as "the ensign of kingly dignity." The Royal Sceptre with the Cross was given into his right hand as "the ensign of kingly power and justice" and into his left hand, the Sceptre with the Dove, "the rod of equity and mercy."

Up to this time, the Order of the Coronation had proceeded quietly, but all emotion and thought seemed to be drawn into the next moment, when the Archbishop, standing before the altar, took St. Edward's Crown into his hands, "the crown of pure gold." He laid it once more upon the altar, calling on God to bless and sanctify his "servant, George our King." Then he walked towards the King and, with hands that shook so that people far from him saw them move, he placed the Crown upon his sovereign's head. It was this second; the second of fulfilment and irrevocable Coronation that suddenly drew the world into the Abbey. The cry of *God Save the King* rang through the nave, it went out, growing in strength, to the streets. Trumpets sounded, piercing and triumphant: trumpets that snapped the quiet threads of our contemplation and quickened our blood. They told the world that

George VI was truly King. The bells of Westminster rang; trumpets and bells, in ecstasy, and then, far away at the other end of the metropolis, beside the ancient waters of the Thames, the guns from the Tower of London boomed over the city.

The slow, stately procedure went on. The Bible, "the most valuable thing that this world affords," was presented to the King. Again the voice of the Archbishop was heard. "Here is wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God." After the Benediction, the King went from King Edward's Chair to his throne. *Then shall the King go to his throne, and be lifted up into it by the Archbishops and Bishops, and other Peers of the Kingdom.* Then the address of the Archbishop, and the Homage, from Archbishops and Bishops and the Princes of the Blood Royal, and the Peers of the Realm. When the Homage was ended, the drums beat and the trumpets sounded and the cry again went out from the Abbey to the waiting people, *God Save King George. Long Live King George. May He live for ever.* The Archbishop went from the King's side towards the altar. We saw the slim young man who had walked before us an hour be-

fore, with all the ornate panoply about him; with the faces of those most dear to him turned towards him, and with the onerous crown upon his head.

The theme of the service changed. The hard tension and sense of historical exactness seemed to relax a little as one realised that the Queen was rising, in her turn, and walking towards the altar. Fourteen years before, she had walked into Westminster Abbey to be married to the Duke of York. It is said that the modest responsibilities of being the wife of the second son of her King had caused her to pause, anxiously, before she accepted her domestic happiness. Events had pressed upon us so ruthlessly during the winter and spring of 1937 that the romance of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation had been little more than a passing thought. Now, with time in which to arrange the scenes in historical sequence, it is possible to dwell on her story as upon a tale Sir Walter Scott might have written. English people love the stories that are woven about the names of princesses. The coming of the sea King's daughter to marry the Prince of Wales, in 1863, had stirred the heart of London into excited admiration. But life was tranquil then and men were calm enough

to appreciate the romance of her wedding. The emotions stirred when the new Queen was crowned, in May of 1937, were too hurried for us to realise the full charm of the story of the daughter of a Scottish laird, noble in his name but essentially modest in his habits of living, brought from the domestic beauty and peace of Glamis, to be the King's consort. Her name, Elizabeth, had been given to her, to be used in familiarity by her family and friends. Now it was an emblazoned name, and it conjured up associations, not with a family circle within a Scottish house, but with the Elizabeth who cast a spell over the greatest period of English history. The words *Queen Elizabeth* are tremendous in English thought and, as one saw the new Elizabeth walking across to the altar to make her unexpected pledges, one could not help remembering that, a few yards away, behind the High Altar was the tomb and effigy of her illustrious namesake. No two women could be as diverse in character and aspirations. One saw the new Elizabeth, bearing the Queen-becoming graces, as an ideal of womanhood, rather than as a royal figure estranged from the common touch. Her Coronation elevated her to frightening impor-

tance, but it also set a seal upon an ideal; an ideal of unselfishness, amiability of temperament, duty, and those unnamed graces of the spirit which women keep within the core of themselves.

One saw the Queen kneel before the altar and then, when the Archbishop had prayed, rise and "come to the place of her anointing." She knelt again, upon a faldstool, and over her head was a pall of gold. The holy oil was poured upon her head and the Queen's Ring, "the seal of a sincere faith," was placed upon the fourth finger of her right hand. The Archbishop returned to the altar and took the Crown and placed it upon the Queen's head. The Sceptre was placed in her right hand and the Ivory Rod with the Dove in her left hand. "The Queen, being thus anointed, and crowned, and having received all her ornaments" rose and went once more from the altar and as she walked by the King on his throne, she bowed reverently to His Majesty and passed to her own throne by his side.

The service ended with the Communion which gave the last sacred blessing to the crowning. Those who were in the vast nave of the Abbey had seen little of these intimate closing scenes, but there was

movement after a little time, and when the singing of the choir had ended, the King and the Queen came out into the nave, followed by the splendid procession. There was such serenity upon the King's face that one marvelled and felt that it was an intrusion to stare. He walked quietly, beneath the high dim arches, and then into the view of the multitude outside. He drove back to his home, to begin the fulfilment of his promises. These promises were renewed at night in his own words rather than in the archaic language of the Church, when he broadcast a speech to every corner of the world. It was astonishing to realise that in the wide stretches of northern Canada, in crowded tenements in Hong Kong, in Queensland and Nigeria, in cramped shops beside St. David's Gate in Jerusalem, and in the little scattered islands that bear the King allegiance, millions of people could hear the quiet, sincere voice of their King.

"It is with a very full heart I speak to you to-night. Never before has a newly crowned King been able to talk to all his peoples in their own homes on the day of his Coronation.

"Never has the ceremony itself had so wide a significance; for the Dominions are now free and equal partners

with this ancient kingdom, and I felt this morning that the whole Empire was in very truth gathered within the walls of Westminster Abbey.

"I rejoice that I can now speak to you all, wherever you may be, greeting old friends in distant lands, and, as I hope, new friends in those parts where it has not yet been my good fortune to go.

"In this personal way the Queen and I wish health and happiness to you all; and we do not forget at this time of celebration those who are living under the shadow of sickness or distress.

"Their example of courage and good citizenship is always before us, and to them I would send a special message of sympathy and good cheer.

"I cannot find words with which to thank you for your love and loyalty to the Queen and myself.

"Your good will in the streets to-day and your countless messages from overseas and from every quarter of these islands, have filled our hearts to overflowing.

"I will only say this: That if, in the coming years, I can show my gratitude in service to you, that is the way above all others that I should choose.

"To many millions the Crown is the symbol of unity. By the grace of God and by the will of the free peoples of the British Commonwealth I have assumed that Crown.

"In me, as your King, is vested for a time the duty of maintaining its honour and integrity.

"This is indeed a grave and constant responsibility, but it gave me confidence to see your representatives around me in the Abbey and to know that you, too, were enabled to join in that infinitely beautiful ceremonial.

"Its outward forms come down from distant times, but its inner meaning and message are always new, for the highest of distinctions is the service of others, and to the ministry of Kingship I have in your hearing, dedicated myself, with the Queen at my side, in words of the deepest solemnity.

"We will, God helping us, faithfully discharge our trust.

"Those of you who are children now will, I hope, retain the memories of a day of carefree happiness such as I still have of the day of my grandfather's Coronation.

"In the years to come, some of you will travel from one part of the Commonwealth to another, and moving thus within the family circle will meet many whose thoughts are coloured by the same memories, whose hearts unite in devotion to our common heritage.

"You will learn, I hope, how much our free association means to us; how much our friendship with each other, and with all of the nations on earth, can help the cause of peace and progress.

"The Queen and I will always keep in our hearts the inspiration of this day.

"May we ever be worthy of the good will which, I am proud to think, surrounds us at the outset of my reign.

"I thank you from my heart, and may God bless you all."

In the days that followed, those who worked close to the King noted the changes that had come to him, almost overnight. It was as if the prayers of his people had been truly answered. His confidence

grew; his calm and his dignity of purpose. Ministers were surprised, when they went to see him, by the growing strength of his will. One of his cousins was in the room with him one day while he was working at his desk. She said afterwards, "It is surprising to watch him. The movement of his hands: the way he touches things and writes . . . it is the same as his father."

For those people who are devout and not averse to Christian teaching, it was simple to realise, in the months after the Coronation, that the King was receiving the special grace which had been asked for him. Some had seen the unmistakable signs upon his face as he moved away from the altar. He had entered Westminster Abbey, looking unbelievably young, though anxious. He had walked out into the world again, like Joshua, "strong and courageous" and with the majesty of a King.

Less than an hour after they had returned from Westminster Abbey, King George and Queen Elizabeth appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, with their children. All night, the people waited by the palace railings for some sign of moving curtains. The King and Queen came out five times to



satisfy the eager multitude. But the moment which caught the hearts of the people was when Queen Mary first appeared with them. England had become conscious of her part in the story and in the weeks when she might have asked for strength from her husband's people, she had strengthened them instead, by her example of wise dignity, and patience. Something of the authority of a matriarch had come to her. The people cheered her, separately, and as they watched her, they saw her raise her right hand in acknowledgment and at the same time place her left hand upon the King's arm. Then they saw that she was speaking to him. In the dense crowd against the Palace railings was an old soldier who was deaf. He was able to lip read and as he watched Queen Mary, he turned to a friend beside him and said, "I can tell you what she was saying. She said, 'It is not for me they are cheering, but for *you*, my son.' "

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INDEX

- Abergeldie Castle, near Balmoral, 31-32
- Addison, The Rt. Hon. C. *afterwards* Lord, 132
- Air Force, beginnings of the, 74-75, 80-84
- Albert I, King of the Belgians, 95-96
- Albert, Prince Consort, 15, 16, 18, 115, 120, 121, 122, 138
- Albert, Prince, *afterwards* Duke of York, *afterwards* H.M. King George VI. *See* George VI
- Alfred, Prince, Duke of Edinburgh, 17
- Ambuscade*, The, 65
- Anne of Bohemia, 167
- Augusta, Princess. *See* Prussia, Crown Princess Frederick of
- Australia, depth of national sentiment, 198, 203
- Bacon, Admiral Sir Richard, quoted, 62
- Balfour, The Rt. Hon. A. J., *afterwards* Earl, 53
- Balmoral, peculiar character of the Royal tenantry at, 47
- Beatrice, H.R.H. Princess, 28, 233
- Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet, Earl, 61
- Belfrage, Cedric, quoted, 197-198
- Berlin, Treaty of, 28
- Birdwood, Field Marshal Sir William, 123
- Bowes-Lyon, Lady Elizabeth. *See* Elizabeth, H.M. Queen
- Bradford, Earl of, 123
- Briton Ferry Steel Works, 182
- Brittain, Sir Harry, 81
- Broadcast, King George's Coronation, 245-247
- Brussels, State entry of King of the Belgians after the War, 94-96
- Buckingham Palace, scenes outside after the Coronation, 248-249
- Cambridge University, the King's life at, 111-122
- Cambridge University, Queen Victoria at (1847), 120-121
- Camp, The Duke of York's, 179-191
- Canada, King George VI first visit to, 41-44
- Canterbury, Archbishop of, 235-241, 244

- Carisbrooke Castle, 29
 Charles I, 29
 Charles Edward Stuart, Prince, 159
 Chatsworth, Boys' Camp at, 186
 Christian, King of Denmark, 211-212
 Churchill, Rt. Hon. W. S., 114
Collingwood, H.M.S., King George VI service on, 50-68
Colossus, The, 66
 Colville, Admiral the Hon. Sir S., 68
 Connaught, H.R.H. the Duke of, 151, 233
 Coronation of King George VI, street scenes, 227-233; the entry into the Abbey, 234; taking the Oath, 237; the Anointing, 237-238; the Investiture, 239; the Crowning, 240; the Enthronement, 241; the Homage, 241; the Communion, 244-245
 Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, 242-244
 Coryton, Wing-Commander W. A., 102, 103, 104
Court Circular, quoted, 162
 Cranwell, Lincs., 81-82, 84-85, 87-89
 Cromwell, Oliver, 207
 Croydon Aerodrome. *See* Waddon
 Croydon, Duke of York's speech at, 179
Cumberland, H.M. Cruiser, King George VI first voyages in, 34-44
Daedalus, H.M.S., 82
 Dartmouth Naval College, 32-35
 Dartmouth, River, salmon fishing on, 43
 Democracy and Monarchy, 220
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 1st Earl Beaconsfield, 28, 139
Doctor's Dilemma, The, 217-218
 Domestic tastes of Hanoverian Sovereigns, 32, 86-89, 149-152, 173-175
 Dominions, the King and the, 195-204
 Douglas, Lady Janet, 156
 Doune, Lord, 93
 Duke of York's Camp. *See* Camp
East Lynne, 201
 Edward VII, 20, 40-41, 115, 139, 200, 201
 Edward VIII. *See* Windsor, H.R.H. Duke of
 Elizabeth, H.M. Queen, her family, 154-156; youthful surroundings and influences, 158-

- 159; simplicity of her girlhood, 161-162; betrothal announced, 162; marriage, 167-172; identified with home life, 172-173; birth of Princess Elizabeth, 173; visit to New Zealand, 201-202; illness, 202; in Australia, 202-203; Coronation, 242-244; on the balcony after the Coronation, 248-249
- Elizabeth, H.R.H. Princess, 86, 174-175, 233
- Erskine, Lt.-Col. Arthur, 123
- Esquire*, quoted, 197
- Fascism, Monarchy as an antidote to, 220
- Frederick the Great, 207
- Folklore*, by Sheila Macdonald, 219
- Frogmore, 105, 117
- Gardening, the King's taste for, 88-89, 116-117
- George I, 20
- George V, marriage to Princess Mary of Teck, 17-19; character and habits, 21-23, 208-212; life at Sandringham, 35, 209-210; inspects *Cumberland* on her return in 1913, 44; effect of war years on, 78-79; attitude to his sons at University, 114; creates Prince Albert Duke of York, 125; appoints Duke of York as patron of the Industrial Welfare Society, 134; announces Duke of York's betrothal, 162; interest in Imperial topics, 199-200; appoints Duke of York Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, 204; Jubilee of, 208-209; custom of drinking a mid-morning bowl of soup, 210-211; last meeting with King Christian of Denmark, 211-212; death and burial, 213; *The Times* sums up his reign and character, 213-214
- George VI, H.M. King, birth, 18; early days, 19 ff.; an early horoscope, 23; at Osborne, 27-32; early characteristics, 22-23, 28-30; early ill-health, 31; simplicity of early life, 32, 86; cadet at Dartmouth, 32 ff.; punished for letting off fireworks, 34; joins the *Cumberland*, 34; first voyage, 36-44; in the West Indies, 37-39; at a gymkhana in Savannah, 37-38; relations with his tutor, 38-41; first visit to Canada, 41-44; at home with the Scottish people,

ple, 48; development of judgment, 49-50; appointed to the *Collingwood*, 50; in the Mediterranean as a midshipman, 50-51; outbreak of war, 52, 56-57; courage of British Royal family, 52-54; health objections to taking active service, 54-55; at Scapa Flow, 56-58; in the Operations Division of the Admiralty, 59-60; rejoins *Collingwood*, 59; at the battle of Jutland, 63-68; letter describing the battle, 68-70; appointed to the *Malaya*, 73; steadying influence of the Navy on character, 75-77; growing companionship with his father, 78-80; gazetted to the Air Force, 81; goes to Cranwell, 81; life at Rauceby Cottage, 88-91; love of mechanics, 90; life at Nancy, 92-95; entry into Brussels with King Albert after the war, 94-96; decides to qualify as a pilot, 101; at Waddon aerodrome, Croydon, 102-105; essentially a sailor, 106-108; at Cambridge, 111-123; "progged and fined," 113-114; taste for gardening, 116-117; taste in books, 117-118; goes down from the

University, 118; accepts Hon. LL.D., 119-120; entertains Shah of Persia, 122-124; and M. and Madame Poincaré, 124-125; created Duke of York, 125; is appointed leader of the Industrial Welfare Movement, 134; his services to the movement, 134 ff.; his memory, 141; meeting with Welsh miners, 145-146; betrothed, 162; marriage, 167-172; speech at Croydon, 179; starts the Duke of York's Camp, 182; at the New Romney Camp, 184-185; at the Southwold Camp, 188, 190; his 1937 visit to the Camp, 190; visit to East Africa in 1924, 200; visit to Australia and New Zealand, 201-203; is appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, 204; is called to the Throne, 215-216, 221; thorough understanding of Constitutional Monarchy, 220-222; on the eve of the Coronation, 229; entering the Abbey for the Coronation, 234; taking the Coronation Oath, 237; the Anointing, 237-238; the Investiture, 239; the Crowning, 240; the En-

- thronement, 241; the Homage, 241; the Communion, 244-245; leaving the Abbey, 245; the broadcast speech, 245-247; on the balcony after the Coronation, 248-249
 Gibraltar, relief of, 1780, 52
 Glamis Castle, 154, 155, 158-160
 Grant, Sir Alexander, 144
 Greig, Major, *afterwards* Wing Commander Sir Louis, 69, 93

 Herbert, A. P., 180
 Hocart, A. M., 218
 Hodges, Frank, 145
Horoscope, quoted, 23
 Huit, General, 93
 Hyde, the Rev. Robert, 132, 133, 140, 183, 190

 Inchcape Rock, The, 158
 Industrial Welfare Society, 131-146
Invincible, wreck of the, 65

 Jamaica, King George's first visit to, 39
 Jellicoe, Admiral Earl, 61-62
 Joan of Arc, 207
 "Johnstone, Mr.," 50-51
 Joseph II, Emperor of Austria, 19
 Jubilee of King George V, 208-209

 Jutland, battle of, 60-68
Jutland Scandal, The, 62

 Kent, H.R.H. the Duke of, 70
 Kingstown, Jamaica, 39
Kingship, by A. M. Hocart, quoted, 218
 Kingship. *See* Monarchy
 Kipling, and Imperial sentiment, 197
 Kitchener, Field Marshal Earl, 51, 55
 Krupps, South African purchase of locomotives from, 198

 Lorne, Marquis of, *afterwards* Duke of Argyll, 150
 Louise, H.R.H. Princess, 150, 233
 Louise of Prussia, Princess, 151
 Lyon family, 154-156
 Lyon, Patrick, 156
 Lyon, Sir John de, 155

 Macaulay, T. B., quoted, 219
 Macdonald, Sheila, 219
Malaya, The, 73
 Malcolm II of Scotland, 159
Marlborough, torpedoed in the battle of Jutland, 66
 Margaret Rose, H.R.H. Princess, 233

- Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, 19
- Marie Antoinette, 149
- Marriage, Prince Consort's views on, 15-16; Queen Victoria's views on, 17-18, 149-152; place in national sentiment, 152-153, 230-231
- Mary, H.M. Queen, 18, 35, 117, 175, 234, 249
- Mary, H.R.H. Princess. *See* Princess Royal
- Mary of Teck, Princess. *See* Mary, H.M. Queen
- Mary, Queen of Scots, 207
- Maxton, James, 188, 227
- McVitie and Price's works, 182
- Melbourne, Lord, 233
- Monarchy, Traditional view of, 217, 218, 219; Twentieth Century view of, 153-154, 216, 217, 219, 220
- Nancy, R.A.F. depot at, 84, 91-94
- Napoleon III, 233
- Naval Lieutenant, A*, 1914-18 (Etienne), quoted, 55-56
- Nelson, Horatio, Lord, 21
- New Romney, Kent, Duke of York's Camp at, 184-185
- Newlyn, women's appeal to Queen Elizabeth, 173
- Northcliffe, Lord, quoted, 202
- Öllébröd, King George's liking for, 211-212
- Ordnance College, 182
- Osborne House, 28
- Osborne, Naval College, 27
- Patricia, H.R.H. Princess, *afterwards* Lady Patricia Ramsay, 167
- Persia, visit of the Shah of, 1919, 122-124
- Planes and Personalities*, quoted, 92-93
- Poincaré, Raymond, 122, 125
- Princess Royal, H.R.H. the, 18, 32, 167
- Prussia, Crown Princess Frederick of, *afterwards* Empress, 16-17, 149
- Ralph the Rover, 158
- Rauceby Cottage, Cranwell, 88-91
- Reid, Captain A. Cunningham, quoted, 92-93, 101-102
- Richard II, 167
- Robert II of Scotland, 154-156
- St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 213
- St. Lucia, 37
- Salmond, Air Marshal Sir John, 94

- Sandringham, life at, 35, 209-210
- Sargent, John, 160
- Savannah, gymkhana at, 37-38
- Scapa Flow, 56-61, 63, 67-68
- Scott, Sir Walter, 158-159
- Scottish Feudal life, 156-157
- Smuts, General, 195; quoted, 195-196, 199
- Somers, Lord, 186-187
- Southwold Common, 186
- Southwold, Duke of York's camp at, 186-191
- Stewart, Lady Jean, 155
- Tel-el-Kebir, battle of, 52
- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 28
- Times, The*, quoted, 168-169, 213-214
- Trenchard, Air Marshal Lord, 84, 91-93
- Treves's *Cradle of the Deep*, 35
- Trinidad, King George VI in, 37
- Tyrrell, Colonel, 93
- Vanguard*, destruction of the, 73, 76
- Vanity Fair*, 233
- Victoria and Albert*, the Royal Yacht, 44
- Victoria, Queen, 15-20, 47, 53, 105, 114-115, 117, 120-121, 137-138, 149-151, 172, 175, 185, 219, 231, 233; *Journal*, quoted, 17-19
- Vincent Square, Westminster, 183
- Waddon Aerodrome, Croydon, 102-105
- Wembley, British Empire Exhibition at, 108
- Westminster Abbey and its place in national sentiment, 167-168
- Westminster Abbey, Coronation scenes in, 234-245
- Westminster School, 183, 235
- White Lodge, Richmond, 17, 20-21, 171
- Windsor Castle, 77, 104
- Windsor Park, 174-175
- Windsor, St. George's Chapel. *See* St. George's Chapel
- William IV, 52
- Williams, Sir J., 18
- Windsor, H.R.H. the Duke of, 17-18, 22, 27-29, 32, 40, 54, 74, 77, 91, 106, 111-113, 115, 200, 214-215, 230
- Wright, Orville and Wilbur, 83

